

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

Normal Library

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YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, MAY 15, 1902

2821

LANDSLIDE FOR WEDEMEYER

Ypsilanti Supporters Sure of
Their Ground

BEFORE THE CAUCUSES

Slates Had Been Arranged
With Result That Wede-
meyer Easily Won

The serene calmness with which the powers that be went into the caucuses in the respective wards of Ypsilanti Monday night indicated that their confidence was undisturbed. The caucuses were well attended and there was much earnestness manifested but no scraps.

Slates had been arranged by the followers of the two congressional candidates, and the supporters of Wedemeyer assured reporters before they went into the caucuses that they could give the list of delegates just as well then as later. The only ward in which they fell down on this proposition was the first, where two Smith delegates were elected. This was permitted, however, it seemed, more as a matter of good nature than from any necessity.

I. Newton Swift was made chairman in the first and Albert Graves, secretary. Two tellers were appointed but their services were not needed as all delegates were elected by acclamation. The list is as follows: Elmer Brown, Frank Stowell, Fred Green, D. C. Griffen, E. E. Trim, J. M. Chidester, Thomas Rodeman, Abe Woods and Bert Childs. Of these delegates D. C. Griffen and J. M. Chidester are said to be Smith men although last night they would not say so.

In the second ward R. D. Roys was named for chairman, Edgar Rexford, secretary, E. S. Rouse and S. C. Fischer, tellers. The Copeland forces named Dr. Coombs for first delegate and the supporters of Wedemeyer named Prof. Lyman. Thereupon Dr. Coombs' name was withdrawn and Prof. Lyman was elected by acclamation. C. M. Barnes was elected as the second delegate and on this ballot the Copeland strength was uncovered and there were twelve votes. Each subsequent delegate was elected by ballot although on two occasions a motion to suspend the rules and instruct the secretary to cast the ballot was made. At once on this motion being made another candidate was put in nomination. The other three delegates for the second are Jabe Wortley, Ed. Doersam and Ed. Thorne. There was some kicking by the supporters of Copeland after adjournment but there was little that they could say for the reason that there was no question but that the other side had in the caucus three votes to their one.

In the third ward more time was consumed than in any other of the caucuses. This was due to the fact that the delegates were elected by ballot and a ruling of Chairman Stevens which took some time to get straightened out. The slate ultimately worked itself through, however, without the loss of a man. It is as follows: E. P. Allen, N. B. Trim, D. R. Morford, B. F. Savery, J. S. Lathers, H. D. Wells. A funny condition was brought to light when the votes for Morford were counted. There was 1 vote for D. F. Morford, 2 for D. K. Morford, 10 for D. R. Morford and 22 for D. A. Morford. As they were all for Dave, he was declared elected.

All was dead easy in the fourth and fifth wards. The opposition, if any, did not consider it necessary to show by a count what a hopeless minority they were in. The Fourth elected the following delegates: John Thompson, Thomas D. Creech, N. B. Yates, James Arms.

Those who will sit for the fifth are: Ike Davis, S. S. Criss, Geo. Richards, Ed Thompson, Frank Creech, George Cook and A. McPherson.

While little or nothing was said relative to state issues, the delegation is undoubtedly a solid Bliss crowd.

Judge Newkirk and a colored gentleman or two from Ann Arbor were in the city during the afternoon in the interest of Mayor Copeland but they left no evidences of their work behind when they departed. They evidently found themselves up against a hard proposition.

CONVINCE YOURSELF that Ely's Cream Balm deserves all that has been said of it as a means of quick relief and final cure in obstinate cases of nasal catarrh and hay fever. A trial costs but ten cents. Full size, 50 cents. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren street, New York.

Mt. Olive, Ark., May 17, 1901.
Messrs. Ely Bros.:—Please send me one bottle of Cream Balm, family size. I think it is the best medicine for catarrh in the world.

Very respectfully, J. M. SCHOLTZ.

Scratch, scratch, scratch; unable to attend to business during the day or sleep at night. Itching piles, horrible plague. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

GAVE AN ARTISTIC RECITAL

Another of the Conservatory graduating recitals was given in Normal hall Tuesday evening by Miss Adriance Rice, mezzo soprano, assisted by Miss Josephine Teahen, reader, and Miss Gertrude Heitsch, pianist.

Miss Rice is one of the talented members of the senior class and her songs were rendered with much feeling and expression, provoking enthusiastic applause.

Miss Teahen is a young lady well known in Detroit, her home, for her ability as a reader, and the novelty of an introduction of numbers of that description on a graduating recital program was favorably received by the audience.

Miss Heitsch is a popular pianist of the Conservatory, who is fast making a name for herself among the local musicians.

SAYS WILSON IS THE WINNER

Of the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest

SECRETARY POWER

Gives This Decision Although
Contest Was First Declared
a Tie Between Miss
Eagle and Wilson

The recent annual contest of the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical association is as prolific in developments as the Normal science building site question. On the heels of the announcement that Miss Eagle, of the Normal, and George Wilson, of Olivet, were tied for first place, word comes that the secretary of the association, R. R. Power, of M. A. C., has declared Wilson the winner and Miss Eagle the second in rank.

In his letter to the Normal authorities, Secretary Power said that the decision is provisional, and will stand unless the Normal protests and sustains it.

"We will certainly protest," said Mr. J. Stuart Lathers, instructor in elocution and oratory at the Normal, to a reporter last evening. "The compromise was proposed by the instructor of elocution and oratory at M. A. C. and was accepted first by Olivet and then by the Normal, but Olivet has evidently changed its mind and withdrawn its consent to the compromise. As the matter stands Olivet has technically the best of the bargain, so it would be necessary for Secretary Power to give the decision, although, as he says, it is only provisional."

The Olivet reporters gave the impression in their dispatches to the Detroit papers that the compromise was urged by the Normal and that Olivet finally rose in its might and insisted on its dues—nothing more or less than the decision. The compromise was proposed by a third party and was accepted by Olivet sooner than by the Normal, it is evident that the Olivet reporters are not doing the Normal justice.

ACETYLENE GAS LIGHTING

P. W. Shute, the Ypsilanti who has patents on an acetylene gas generator and who is attempting to demonstrate to the world that acetylene is the coming illuminant, has been granted a twenty-year franchise by Wayne for laying acetylene gas pipes in the streets and alleys of the village, in return agreeing to light the town hall free of charge.

His first venture in the way of street store and residence lighting was at Saline, where he is successfully operating a small plant that lights the village streets and provides for a number of private customers.

The acetylene flame is many times stronger than illuminating gas and is much whiter and purer, so if Mr. Shute's generator eliminates the element of danger, as he claims, it should have a great future before it, as the acetylene is considerably cheaper than illuminating gas.

Mr. Shute has entered into negotiations with moneyed men of Battle Creek, the proposition being to form a company with \$100,000 capital, for the manufacture of plants and their installation in villages and small cities.

If the deal with Battle Creek falls through for any reason, Ypsilanti capitalists will have an opportunity to organize such a concern in this city, if they consider the outlook encouraging.

If you suffer from any form of kidney or bladder trouble don't go to the expense of engaging a physician. Kidney-Oids, at 50 cents per box, are your best and cheapest doctor. Don't suffer, don't put off the cure; get Kidney-Oids to-day. Tablets for sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

TO PURCHASE OWEN LAND

For the Normal Science Building Site

BONDS TO ISSUE

In the Amount of \$6,000 to
Buy Property--Tangle May
Now Be Unravelled

What is declared to be positively the last appearance of the Normal science building site question occurred Thursday night, when the council at a special meeting instructed the mayor to issue \$6,000 in city bonds for the purchase of the Owen property on Forest avenue, across from the college campus.

Owen sustained to the last his reputation for being a hard man to come to satisfactory conclusions with, as he engaged in a violent quarrel with the city's representatives Thursday evening over the fifty foot strip which he has reserved from the west side of his property. The Crooker land cuts into the Owen site on the northwest, and from the north side of this piece along the Brinkerhoff property, Owen wanted fifty feet reserved, to be used, he said, as a road, if ever a way out is secured through the Crooker property. Reports had come to the city officials that Owen had attempted to secure options on the Crooker land with a view of buying it and then holding up the city or state if ever the Normal needs additional ground to the west, so the officials attempted to persuade him to include the fifty-foot strip in the sale, with the provision that the city open it as a highway. Owen objected strenuously, and after several stormy scenes the city's representatives yielded.

The resolution, which was presented at the meeting by Ald. Van Fossen, rehearsed the proposition voted upon by the people and also gave the description of the property. The vote was unanimous, a fact Hon. E. P. Allen referred to when in behalf of the state board he thanked the council for deciding the question, and for following out the wishes of the faculty and state board, who he said are unanimously in favor of the Owen land.

In addition to settling the site matter the council transacted considerable other business, which was on the call. The contract for cement walk building during the coming year was let to North Gass, of Ypsilanti, whose bid was 8 1/2 cents per square foot. The other bids were as follows: William H. Rohde, of Ann Arbor, 9 1/4 cents per square foot; E. J. Tobin, of Jackson, who had the contract last year, 8 3/4 cents per square foot for walks of six feet in width or under and 10 1/4 cents for walks over six feet and under ten feet; Frank Marriott, 9 cents for walks of six feet or under and 11 cents for those over six feet in width.

The aldermen neglected to confirm the appointment of the new commissioner of public works at the regular meeting, so occasion was taken last evening to confirm the appointment.

The council voted to adopt the recommendation of the commissioners of public works, that hereafter a meter rental of \$1 be charged, with semi-annual payments of 50 cents, all meters to be owned by the city; adding that the board of commissioners are to give back the purchase money to those who have purchased their own meters. On unanimous vote Albert Smith was elected sidewalk inspector.

All ten aldermen were present, and the meeting was a genuine love feast.

SITE TANGLE IS SETTLED

The end of the Normal science building site tangle has come, as the deal with Owen was closed Tuesday by City Attorney Townner.

The \$2,595 mortgage was discharged and O. E. Thompson's claim of \$400 was satisfied, after which the transfer was made.

Ald. Van Fossen is the happiest man in Ypsilanti, as he is convinced that his fine Italian hand is responsible for the selection of the Owen site.

Now that the location of the building is settled, work will be begun without delay, as the contract was awarded several weeks ago.

Wanted—Ladies to work for one or more of our premiums, worth from 4.00 to \$50.00. With a little spare time devoted to our work, you can obtain your choice from 1,000 different premiums. We do not want a cent of your money; we furnish everything, express paid. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. American Machine Co., manufacturers of novelties, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Excursion to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., at very low rates over Lake Shore Ry., May 17, 18 and 19.

MANY GOLF ENTHUSIASTS

Were Present at the Opening
of the Country Club

SEASON'S FESTIVITIES

Began Friday Afternoon—
Banquet and Ball Made
Occasion a Merry One

The formal opening of the Washtenaw Country club for the season took place Friday. In spite of the temperature, which was uncomfortably low, a large number of golf enthusiasts and their friends from both Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor gathered at an early hour on the picturesque ground of the club.

A large roller is being used with good effect upon the grounds, which are as yet a little soft and springy. The links were dotted here and there by players, in their bright red jackets making a pretty contrast with the vivid green of the grass.

Great interest was manifested by both players and spectators, in the contests which were held early in the afternoon.

The first, a driving contest for gentlemen, was won by Dr. Hull, who made 435 yards. D. P. Sullivan won second place with 341 yards and Ray Dennen made third place by driving 310 yards.

The ladies' driving contest was won by Mrs. C. Cooley, 249 yards, and Mrs. Thompson received second place, driving 205 yards. In the driving contest for direction, first place was won by Ray Dennen, second by Newton Swift.

Approaching contest for gentlemen resulted as follows: Dodge 72 1/2 yards, Dennen 74 yards, P. Sullivan 84 1/2 yards.

Approaching contest by ladies—Miss Boersig 25 yards, Mrs. Cooley 27 1/2 yards, Thompson 35 yards.

The putting contest resulted in giving Mr. Todd first place in 12 strokes, Messrs. Cooley and Sullivan tied for place on 14 strokes and in playing off the tie Mr. Cooley won second place by one stroke.

After the contests were ended many of the ladies gathered about the spacious fire place in the club house, finding the crackling wood fire too attractive to entice them out onto the grounds.

A committee composed of Mesdames Sheehan, Zimmerman, Lawrence, Platt, Sullivan and Showerman were in charge of a delicious dinner which was served to 150 guests and club members, whose appetites were made keen by the country air which they had been enjoying all the afternoon.

After the dinner the floor was cleared and those who liked dancing enjoyed one of the most informal and pleasant parties which have ever been given by the Country club. Music was furnished by Finney's orchestra of Detroit.

BABY NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH

Bernard, the two-year-old son of Attorney J. P. Kirk, had an exceedingly narrow escape from being killed by a D. Y. A. A. & J. electric car Friday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

The little fellow was playing in front of the house on Cross street and wandered out into the street, finally toddling into the space between the D. Y. A. A. & J. tracks.

Suddenly he heard a rumbling and a rushing sound, and vaguely alarmed he started back toward the walk, in his haste falling upon his face between the rails.

A lady who was passing by rushed out and pulled the child to one side and out of danger.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. BURKE

A. H. Burke, of Chicago, whose wife is a former Ypsilanti lady and the sister of Mrs. Carlos Childs, a present resident of the city, died on a Michigan Central train as it was pulling into Jackson this morning.

He had been suffering from consumption for some time and was en route to Ypsilanti from Texas, where he had been spending several months. The remains have been brought to the city.

CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTH- WEST.

During the months of March and April, the Michigan Central will sell One-Way Colonist tickets to California and the northwest at very low rates. Inquire at ticket office or write.

23 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

To cure torpid liver, constipation, loss of appetite, biliousness and all other complaints of the liver, stomach or bowels, take Liver-Lax. A 25 cent little liver pill. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Our Short Waist Suits!

ARE GREAT SELLERS

\$1.50, = \$2.00, = \$3.50

You Ought To See Them.

DAVIS & KISHLAR

This is a Good Time to Purchase

WALL PAPER

In looking over my stock I find many patterns nearly sold out, and to close out will make

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES

I can furnish good workmen now without danger of delay. You can save money by early attention to business. Please call.

Remember also that everything in the Drug Department is handled with the greatest care. Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and at Fair Prices at

FRANK SMITH'S

On The Run After Our

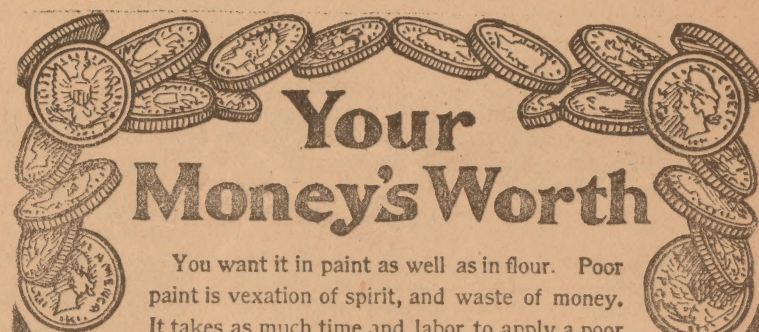
40 and 50c JAPAN TEA

Finest for the price in the city., Elegant Flavor and Beautiful Color in the cup. Also bring in your jug and get a gallon of that FANCY OPEN KETTLE NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES Can't Be Beat.

FOR SALE BY

A. A. GRAVES THE GROCER

THE WHITE FRONT,
105 CONGRESS STREET, BELL PHONE 124



You want it in paint as well as in flour. Poor paint is vexation of spirit, and waste of money. It takes as much time and labor to apply a poor paint as it does a good paint, therefore to "make assurance doubly sure" ask for and receive Peninsular Ready Mixed Paint.

Every Drop of Peninsular Ready Mixed Paint is guaranteed to you.

Another fact, Peninsular Ready Mixed Paint is always true in color, will not crack, chip, blister or peel, but stands up bright and durable in sunshine or storm. Then its large covering capacity, gives you economy, with permanency and beauty.

Ask for little book "For Mansion and Cottage," it tells of Peninsular Ready Mixed Paint and Peninsular Enamels.

SOLD BY

FRANK SMITH & SON
YPSILANTI, MICH.

THEIR WORK IS ADVANCING

Efforts of Y. W. C. A. Have
Been Successful

LITTLE DEBT REMAINS

Although the Encumbrance
Two Years Ago Was Heavy
—Election of Officers

The Young Woman's Christian association of the Normal have completed their fiscal year and have elected the following officers and chairmen of committees:

President—Jessie Doty, of Ionia.
Vice President—Donna Stratton, of Tolly, O.
Secretary—Lucy Brown, of Traverse City.

Treasurer—Julia Davis of Allegan.
Chairman of Music Committee—Mabel DeFoe, of Ypsilanti.

Membership—Donna Stratton.
Social—Marion Richardson, of James-town.

Devotional—Clara Mullenhagen, of Petoskey.

Bible Study—Vivona Beal, of Quaker.

Finance—Julia Davis.

Rooms and Library—Harriett Mudge, of Grand Lodge.

Missionary—Elizabeth Phillips, of St. Clair.

Intercollegiate—Emily Reed, of North East, Pa.

The past year has been a markedly successful one for the association, both in material advancement of the organization and the quality of the work done. The membership is 252, with an average of 75 in attendance upon the Sunday services, and with 100 members in the Bible study classes and 15 in the mission classes.

The association was at one time heavily in debt, but during the past year a determined effort has been made to remove this handicap, with the result that the only outstanding obligation of formidable proportions at present is piano rent, which will in great part be met before the close of the college year.

Besides holding services and religious meetings, the association has been sponsor for numerous pleasant social gatherings, and has acted as intelligence bureau for needy students, with such success that 23 girls have been assisted to work that wholly or in part pays their current expenses.

SELF PROTECTION

Demands that you be on the alert to see that you get Painkiller (Perry Davis) when you ask for it; some dealers will try and persuade you to take something else, claimed to be just as good; insist upon getting Painkiller, the remedy which has been the world's family doctor for 60 years; it never fails to stop diarrhoea, griping pains in the stomach or bowels, dysentery, etc. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

LAWYER'S BRILLIANT WORK

Ransom George, the son of Supt. Austin George, of this city, was the attorney for Frank M. Thompson, of Detroit, in the case decided by the Supreme court against the Detroit City Savings bank, in which the court granted Thompson's petition that the receiver of the bank be ordered to apply the amount of Thompson's deposit on the payment of Thompson's notes for \$4,000 held by the bank.

The Supreme Court quashed a decision of the United States Court in a similar case, in which a set-off was allowed and adopts the principles laid down therein. A large number of decisions are cited and the language of several incorporated into the opinion, the court stating in conclusion that as the precise question involved is a new one in this state, but has been passed upon by the federal courts and many of the state courts, it feels bound to follow those decisions, and allow the set-off to be made. "Where a set-off is otherwise valid," says one of the decisions quoted, "it is not perceived how its allowance can be considered a preference, and it is clear that it is only the balance, if any, after the set-off is deducted which can justly be held to form part of the assets of the insolvent."

The case is an important one, as it establishes a precedent, and to have won it is a feather in the cap of the young attorney. Mr. George is a graduate of the Normal and of the literary and law departments of the U. of M., and is confidently believed by his friends to have a brilliant future.

HOLDS UP A CONGRESSMAN.

"At the end of the campaign," writes Champ Clark, Missouri's brilliant congressman, "from overwork, nervous tension, loss of sleep and constant speaking I had about utterly collapsed. It seemed that all the organs in my body were out of order, but three bottles of Electric Bitters made me all right. It's the best all-around medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter." Overworked, run-down men and weak, sickly women gain splendid health and vitality from Electric Bitters. Try them. Only 50c. Guaranteed by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Duane Spalsbury.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

Blood.

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor.

There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain, in body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood.

This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood, is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It sets the whole body going again—man woman and child.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A MANSION FOR YPSILANTI

The Detroit Journal of last evening has the following:

The sight of the magnificent residence that Shelly B. Hutchinson, the trading stamp man, is building in a comparatively poor quarter of Ypsilanti, is proving sufficient to arouse again the active interest in the city's sole recorded case of a citizen who in scarcely more than half a decade raised his financial rating from nothing to \$1,000,000, as given in Dunn and Bradstreet.

Shelly Hutchinson was known about the city as a bright boy with prospects of developing into a good business man, but he was no different apparently from a hundred or more other young fellows of the same age and station, and when he left his home to go into the shoe business in Battle Creek no future was caused, nor was attention attracted in '94 when he and a friend from Centreville embarked in a new enterprise they called the "trading stamp" business.

In four or five years, however, the papers began to ring with reports of the phenomenal success of the new trading stamps, and now after less than ten years' active work the young Ypsilanti has returned with more than a million dollars to his credit, and an interest in a million-dollar business which is still on the increase. Young Hutchinson bore with a light heart the peniless days of his youth and, early manhood, and his demeanor as a millionaire is not a whit different.

With a palatial home in New York and any part of the United States or the old world open to him by virtue of his possession of the all-powerful key of wealth, he has chosen to return to the friends of his father and of his younger days, and to erect a \$100,000 residence beside the humble dwelling which sheltered a portion of his earlier days. His manner is as unassuming and cordial as that of his peniless neighbors.

His new Ypsilanti house, which will soon be ready for the furnishing, would present a notable appearance in any surroundings, but on its commanding site on River street it looms up as a veritable palace. The walls are of handsome field stone, and the inside is finished in marble and the most expensive woods, while the arrangement is highly artistic. The height of the balcony is 45 feet, and as the site is in itself a hill of considerable elevation, the upper windows give a view over the entire city to the west and north, and for miles into the country in the direction of Ann Arbor. Twenty-five or more lofty oaks grow in the grounds and the floor of the balcony is just on a level with their upper branches, a height which insures cool breezes in the hottest days of summer. The place is perfectly equipped, among the special features being a swimming pool, a gymnasium, ball room, while it has the conveniences of elevator service and an electric lighting plant.

Mrs. Hutchinson is a charming young woman, well calculated to reign over such an establishment as her husband is now making ready. She is the daughter of a former Ypsilanti lady, but Mr. Hutchinson made her acquaintance in San Francisco, where she and her parents removed several years ago.

REVEALS A GREAT SECRET.

It is often asked how such startling cures, that puzzle the best physicians, are effected by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Here's the secret. It cuts out the phlegm and germ-infected mucus, and lets the life-giving oxygen enrich and vitalize the blood. It heals the inflamed, cough-worn throat and lungs. Hard colds and stubborn coughs soon yield to Dr. King's remedy for all Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

BRITISH TRADE DOOMED

We Give England Her Own
Medicine, Says Labouchere.

PIERPONT MORGAN THE CAUSE.

Editor of London Truth Sees Fingers on the Wall Spell Ruin of Commercial Supremacy and Writes the Moral of "Morganeering"—John Bull's World Being Turned Upside Down.

Mr. Henry Labouchere in a recent number of London Truth, under the heading of "Morganeering and the Moral," tells the British nation that its supremacy in trade and commerce is not only threatened, but doomed, and that it will take all the best efforts the empire is capable of to prevent a retrograde movement, which, if it begins, will increase year by year.

He says in part: "For a generation or two past the gospel of salvation of mankind by the agency of British capital has been preached with sincere conviction by British politicians, every men of business and almost every British man in every British street. Whether it was a dying nation in Europe or Asia, a rascally republic in South America, an unreclaimed region of Africa, peopled by idolaters and cannibals, or even a poverty stricken British colony, the means of regeneration were always the same—let British capital and British enterprise exploit the patient thoroughly and there will be an end to all his diseases, political, economic and social.

"For fifty years we preached this gospel and acted up to it religiously. Now comes a little turning of tables. With a much larger population and immeasurably greater natural resources, the United States offers a field for the accumulation of greater wealth than we can ever aspire to.

"Americans, in their turn, now aspire to regenerate the world by American capital and American enterprise. They practice upon us the doctrine which we so long applied to the rest of mankind. They acquire our underground railways with the kindly view of showing us how to work those antiquated undertakings profitably. They propose to provide poor old London with tramways and tubes which its people are too poor or too stupid to construct themselves. They acquire half the tobacco trade of these islands to confer upon us the benefits of being supplied with American goods on American principles. Lastly—for the present—they lay sacrilegious hands on the shipping, by means of which Britannia rules the waves."

"No wonder John Bull is in a comic state of consternation. The world from his point of view is being turned completely upside down. He is no longer 'on top,' but underneath. Instead of the exploiter he is becoming exploited. "For about twenty years we have been beset with the craze of acquiring in the most out of the way parts of the world new openings for British capital and new markets for British goods. The craze has colored all our national thoughts and policy. While we have been pursuing this phantom what has the foreigner been doing? He, too, seeks an opening abroad for his surplus capital and a foreign market for his surplus goods. And where does he first find them? In England.

"While we seek to extend the area of our commerce and our investments by acquiring control of countries which have no population or of people who have no wants, the manufacturers and investors of Germany and America find in this country the finest opening in the world. While we sink millions on the construction of railways through the African continent, which cannot yield a return within the life of the present generation or perhaps the next, the American capitalist discovers a remunerative investment for his millions in improving the means of locomotion in London.

"Individual fools have often enough dropped the substance to grasp its shadow, but never before has a whole nation deliberately committed itself to this folly. Our supremacy in trade and commerce is not only threatened, but doomed.

"Yet by utilizing to the best advantage our resources in raw material, capital and labor we can hold our own, even if we are forced to see Germany and America increase their output faster than we can. It is only by the stupidity of squandering our capital in foreign countries, overlooking the opportunity of employment at home, that foreign capital can supplant British in any home industry.

"But at the present crisis of our economic history what are the objects which chiefly occupy our minds? The regeneration of South Africa by the introduction into that accursed land of British capital and labor, the expansion of our army at the expense of the labor market, squandering time, money and energy on the empty ostentation of the coronation ceremony, which will suspend industry, dislocate trade and divert public thought from matters of pressing and vital import.

"At the moment while we are thus engaged Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his colleagues descend upon us, seeking what they may devour, one day snapping up a whole industry, the next annexing a railway, the next capturing half a dozen lines of British steamers. Almost within an hour of the king's feast come forth the fingers of a man's hand and write upon the wall. It needs no prophet in this case to interpret the writing. It is easy to read the warning and not difficult to accept and act upon it.

"Shall we attend to it at once or shall we finish our wine and think about the Medes and Persians after the dinner?"

Female Broncho Busters

Residents of Pendleton, Or., were treated to a most interesting exhibition of equestrian skill a short time ago, when William Walker, ex-guerrilla and scout, arrived in town with his pair of champion broncho busting daughters. William Walker is now fifty-eight years old and served as a Confederate guerrilla under the famous chief Quantrell. At the close of the war he went to Idaho and during the Bannock Indian war was employed as a scout.

About twenty years ago he removed to near Dale, on the north fork of the John Day river, in Umatilla county, Or., where he has been engaged in the raising of horses, sheep and cattle. About this time he married Maggie Barker, a daughter of John Barker, who was killed at Hopper by Bill Jones in a brawl. The mother of Walker's wife was a Pitt River (Cal.) Indian, and therefore Walker's children are quarter breeds, the strain of Indian blood being very apparent in the girls.

Walker had a very interesting bear fight in 1882 near his home on the John Day. He discovered a cave in a canyon



SHE SPURRED HER BRONCHO OVER THE LEDGE.

and saw evidences that it was occupied by a bear. It being winter and the weather being very cold, he took it for granted that the bear was hibernating and in a torpid condition. Leaving his gun outside, he crept into the cave and was immediately confronted with a very active and wide awake cinnamon bear, which rushed upon him with a savage growl. As the bear arose Walker seized him by both ears, while the bear clawed him viciously, both standing up. Then Walker let go one ear got out his knife and proceeded to prod the bear behind the fore shoulder. By a few well directed thrusts the bear was slain, but Walker's clothes were in ribbons, as was also his skin. A few days afterward he explored another cave that looked as if it might be occupied by some animal and received a very severe shock. The cave was dark, and the animal rushed at him with a vicious snarl. Thinking it another bear, he beat a hasty retreat, but when he had just reached the mouth of the cave he discovered, with a sigh of relief, that his antagonist was not a bear, but a coon, which was making a frantic effort to escape. Walker said his nerves did not get steady for two or three days after this scare.

Walker is 6 feet 1 inch high, weighs 190 pounds, straight as an Indian, has regular features, calm blue eyes, heavy mustache and chin whiskers slightly touched with gray and when in Pendleton wore a coarse woolen cap, typical of a buckskin hunting shirt and was armed with a six shooter strapped on the horn of his saddle. It was to be expected that a man of his antecedents married to a halfbreed Indian woman would raise a family of bold, adventurous characters, and the expectation is more than realized.

When he came to Pendleton recently, he brought with him his two eldest girls, Marcialette, familiarly known as Babe, aged eighteen and who tips the scales at 160 pounds, and Susie, aged sixteen, weight 145 pounds. The girls were in charge of a band of horses which they had driven from John Day river, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. The arrival of this party with their horses produced a great sensation in Pendleton. The girls, who rode astride and managed their ponies with the utmost grace and dexterity, wore cowboy hats, men's coats, Dolly Varden calico dresses, heavy shoes, thick woolen stockings, loosely tied handkerchiefs about their necks, and their faces were as brown as berries from exposure to the elements. This was their holiday attire, for service when on dress parade in a large city, but when riding the range at home they wear the typical cowboy dress, consisting of wide brimmed sombreros, overalls, "chaps," high top boots and spurs. Their reputation as horsewomen extends all through the bunch grass regions, and they have a standing offer of \$100 reward for any cowboy who will perform any feat of horsemanship which they will not equal or surpass.

but no man has yet claimed the reward.

These girls take care of 500 head of horses, a band of 1,500 sheep and numerous cattle, together with their father, performing the entire work of the ranches, including breaking and branding of wild horses and all the other arduous duties which pertain to stock raising. About one year ago Susie started to round up a bunch of wild horses which seemed on the point of getting away from her. They were on a slightly elevated ridge of rim rock which was so narrow that she was unable to pass them and head them off, whereupon, without the slightest hesitation, she spurred her broncho off the edge of the ledge on a dead run and landed on the level ground, nine feet below, without being dismounted or injuring her horse, and succeeded in turning the band back and rounding them up.

The horse upon which she performed this remarkable feat is a thoroughbred for which her father gave fifteen of his best horses and the same which she rode into Pendleton.

Marcialette, the oldest, is no less a dextrous horsewoman than Susie and is an artist in all the branches of her profession, but she is also famous as an expert shot with a rifle. About one year ago she took a few days off from the routine business of the range and went into the mountains for game. In less than two weeks she killed and sent home from the woods twenty-six deer, without counting coyotes, jack rabbits and mountain lions. From this it is apparent that Miss Marcialette could give President Roosevelt, his rough riders and their strenuous life cards and spades in any little game of horsemanship or animal slaying and win without half trying.

Having disposed of their band of horses, the young ladies left for home on horseback.

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He will carry with him his own stock of oxygen and his own supply of electricity, which will propel him here, there, up, down, in any direction, with almost incredible rapidity.

Projecting from his helmet will be an offensive and defensive weapon strongly resembling the bill of a huge bird.

This weapon will be interchangeable with other instruments; for instance, with an auger when he sets out to scuttle an enemy's cruiser. He will be armed with a tremendously sharp battle-axe. His "Achilles heel," his only vulnerable points, will be the thick plates of glass in his helmet.

How frightful will be the lonely combat between two hostile submarines.



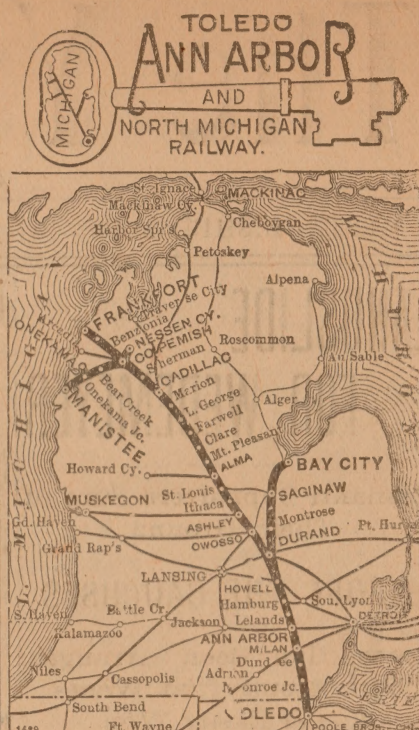
SUBMARINE WARRIORS IN COMBAT.

each wheeling quick as lightning, twisting, turning, thrusting, parrying, striving to pierce his opponent's eye guard with his nose spear!

M. Robida describes with perfect gravity and seriousness the various uses of his submarine in war and peace. The passengers on some great transatlantic liner may be soon surprised by seeing emerge from the waves a group of submarines who have been patrolling in search of a hostile fleet. Pray that the passengers' nerves may be in good condition!

Whirled on a Shaft.

Edward McHarnes, an employee of a knitting works at Pontiac, Mich., went into a room one night to clean a shaft which was making more revolutions in a minute than all South America ever had. When McHarnes came to, he was lying on the floor, with only shoes and stockings on his feet. No bones were broken, however, and as it was a dark night McHarnes got home without scandalizing the neighborhood.



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EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

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CHAPTER XI.

ST. WINIFRED'S—MORNING.



WHEN the sun had been up three hours, it was able to look over a low portion of St. Winifred's building and see the window of the room where Elsie lay asleep. The sudden increase of light awoke her, and she found that Brenda was holding both her hands.

"I was afraid you would move too much and hurt yourself," said she. "I knew you must wake soon. How do you feel?"

Elsie winked her eyes and twisted the left corner of her mouth with the air of one who is testing a bruise to see how sore it is.

"There was a girl who felt better once a long time ago," she said, "but it doesn't matter. Haven't you been to bed all this night?"

"I have slept on the couch," replied Brenda. "My maid brought down this loose gown, and I've been very comfortable. I have had some things brought from your house too."

"Did you get my little silver mirror?" asked Elsie, with eagerness. "Oh, how good of you! Please let me have it."

Brenda gave her the mirror, and she gazed long and intently into it; then she sighed and laid down the glass.

"All gone," she said. "Well, that doesn't matter either. Nothing matters any more. But I used to think I would be pretty when I was dead."

"So you will, my dear," answered Brenda. "You'll have a sweeter, prettier face than you have now—the dearest old grandmother's face, with beautiful white curls all around—and the children who come to kiss you will cry like a little shower on a May morning, but they will be better children afterward, for they will want to live the life that brings such happy sleep at the end of it."

"I wish I could say things like that," said Elsie. "Even if they aren't true they make people feel good. I look—fierce! Don't I, honestly?"

"Fierce!" echoed Brenda. "Why, anything else in the world, I should say."

"That's slang," said Elsie. "It merely means terrible."

"Well, I'd hardly agree to that word either," said Brenda. "You don't inspire any terror in me. You're only a little bit pale, and perhaps you have cried too much."

"You must think I am a perfect baby. Really it isn't so. I have borne some things in this life fairly well. I would bear much more and be as happy as any girl if I only knew how. But there's no way. My life is in a tangle that cannot be unwound. I just simply can't go on, Brenda. That's what I felt when I opened my eyes in this room the first time and while I lay thinking before I would let Dr. Kendall know I was conscious. There is no way, absolutely no way!"

Her voice began to tremble, but she resolutely checked the tendency.

"How everything settles down on you in the morning!" she said. "You wake so happy. Perhaps you have dreamed of the pleasantest things. I almost always dream of people I like and of being with them in the fields or abroad somewhere in a strange city and all dressed up in the most wonderful clothes, and then the reality begins to come down, like—a great ball of rags. I saw them loading a barge with rags once—she was alongside a steamer—and I always remember how those dirty, heavy, stifling bales came down. They were like life!"

"Your life hasn't been altogether a bale of rags, my young friend," said Brenda. "and unless I'm much mistaken it will be in the future quite like some of those dreams. There was a young man who made a promise or two about strange cities and beautiful clothes, you know," she added, reddening a little. "I saw Mr. Alden's note to you, and I was tricked into reading a part of it."

"I suppose it will be printed in the papers," said Elsie. "With your picture and mine and Mr. Alden's. Isn't this awful? It is so absolutely horrible that there's no use being polite about it. But really I never meant to do you any harm. I never encouraged Mr. Alden. I loved him from the beginning. The very first evening I saw him I went home and cried about him, but when he began to come to see me I made him think that I didn't care for him. I actually did make him think so."

"I know it," replied Brenda gently. "He told me so."

"It was only on that last evening that I let him guess the truth," said Elsie. "and how I did that, heaven may know. Suddenly he seemed to see it, and then, honestly, I had no opportunity to deny it. I didn't speak a word in two hours. Mr. Alden talked for me and us, making my arguments for me and then answering them without the faintest perception that they weren't really mine at all. In fact, he was like a big boy, so carried away with his own idea that all the world seemed to be rushing along in the way he wished. It was only when he talked about sending me a lot of money to buy wedding clothes that I managed to make myself heard, and

even then he thought that my objection was altogether for the money and not to the wedding. Remember that I was not much calmer than he, and you will have some idea of the confusion. Oh, Brenda, how can I talk to you like this? And you don't seem to care in the least. Are we all crazy together?"

"Some of us have been so perhaps," said Brenda. "but this morning I think we are all particularly sane."

"It was wrong, of course, to let him come to see me," Elsie continued. "But it must end soon, and it was so little, and you would have so much. You know in those days I hated you, envied you, lay awake at night to think bitter thoughts about you, with your beauty and position and luxury! Oh, I saw you! I walked up and down in front of your house for an hour one day until you came out and got into your carriage. And I wished the horses would run away with you, and just as the thought flashed into my mind one of them began to prance, and I actually prayed out loud, because I was so afraid he really would run, after I had wished it."

The rhetorical value of this speech was somewhat marred by the circumstance that Elsie's face was being washed while it was delivered. Having rendered this service, Brenda began to arrange her patient's hair.

"I felt so small and shabby outside your house," said Elsie. "You can't have any idea of it. Fancy that mansion full of servants, all yours, and there was I who was in need of shoes. I don't mean to say they were full of holes or anything like that, but they didn't look very nice, and I couldn't afford to buy a new pair, for I was saving every penny. My mother and I have a little income, and I was down to that, for I hadn't had an engagement since February. I suppose you never wasted your time thinking about me—after you knew there was such a girl."

"I never knew there was such a girl," replied Brenda, "until I saw you in this room. The girl I thought about never existed. And now let me say this: There is no rivalry between us. There are matches so manifestly made in heaven that even a woman's jealousy must admit the divine sanction. So don't think of 'sparing my feelings,' as my 'New England' aunt expresses it, or 'being polite,' to use your own phrase for the same idea. You and Mr. Alden were made for each other. If I had been writing a book or a play, I might have tried to create two people so perfectly reciprocal. The way is made smooth for me to be a friend to both of you."

Elsie turned her head suddenly and kissed Brenda's hand. Then she relapsed into thought which culminated in her saying:

"You couldn't have loved him. I ought not to say that, of course, but it's true. Divine sanction hasn't anything to do with jealousy. They don't come from the same locality. I have always been jealous whenever I have been in love."

She looked up out of the corner of her eye to catch the effect of the shock.

"Whenever you have been in love," cried Brenda. "I hope it hasn't happened often."

"Well, not so very often," replied Elsie. "I remember being in love with an actor once for as much as two weeks. You spoke about putting Mr. Alden and me into a play. Well, this man resembled Mr. Alden, and we were in the same aggregation, of genius. He was just as much like Mr. Alden as the man they get to play Napoleon in a third rate road company production of 'Sans Gene' is like the real Napoleon. They pick out a fellow with the right kind of nose. However, I loved him with a consuming ardor. I remember leaning out of a window of a first class hotel in a jay town in the west to watch him sitting on a fence in the moonlight, smoking a cigar after the show. I imagined that he might be thinking of me. By and by another fellow in the company came along and asked him if he was enjoying the moon. And my idol said: 'To—somewhere—with the moon. I was waiting for you to buy me a drink.' It wasn't very bad, but it was coarse, and I didn't love him any more after that, and as he had never taken the slightest notice of me the romance was not serious except that I caught an awful cold leaning out of that window. Now, why did I tell you that story, Brenda?"

"Because it is amusing, I suppose," said Brenda, surprised by the question.

"Because at that time I was not quite 17 years old," said Elsie, "and I was traveling around the country alone. My mother was not strong enough to go with me, and we both needed money very badly."

While Brenda was striving to grasp the full meaning of this, being well assured that Elsie spoke with a definite purpose, there came a rap at the door, announcing the morning visit of Dr. Kendall.

Brenda was sufficiently and very becomingly attired, and not so much as a single shining thread of her hair showed the smallest disarray, yet she should not help feeling a sense of disadvantage. Having steadily all her life, she had come to need them, and Dr. Kendall was to her a young man whom she had met in society rather

than a physician. She was surprised and a little ashamed to find that this was true.

As for Kendall, he was all doctor that morning. He had been detained from Elsie longer than he would have wished, and that strange thing which



"I was so afraid."

Is a doctor's conscience was driving him hard. He wasted no time in words until he had satisfied himself about his patient. In the course of his investigation he discovered that Elsie still calmly believed that she would die of her wound, and this was the sole unfavorable symptom. It was the more remarkable because she had not at that time any sensations which a rational mind could attribute to the approach of dissolution. There was pain, of course, but it was not of the kind that depresses and frightens the sufferer.

The doctor spoke to her in the most encouraging words that he could command, but they seemed not to produce an adequate effect. Elsie said little upon the subject of death, but it was clear that her mind was fixed upon it.

"I must hurry away," said the doctor. "Mr. Alden is waiting in my room in a state of anxiety that I need not describe. I shall not only relieve that completely, but I shall tell him that he may see you this afternoon, five minutes precisely, and Miss MacLane will hold the watch."

"Thank him, please," said Elsie, "that I tell him very much for the violets; also that I received his message and that he must not think of it any more. You will remember? He must put it out of his mind."

Kendall glanced somewhat uneasily at Brenda as he repeated this singular message.

"I received from Mrs. Simmons," said he, "a telegram sent to her from your mother—that is, from one of the family. I haven't it here; must have left it in my room"—and he pretended to search his pockets. "It said that your mother was not quite well enough to start at once, and in view of the encouraging telegrams sent last night, your relatives wouldn't let her come unless she was quite able to make the journey. Immediately after you were hurt, was quite alarming, I'm afraid; but we have corrected all that."

"My mother is prostrated," said Elsie, her eyes filling with tears, "and I shall never see her again."

"I assure you that you will," replied Kendall earnestly. "and, by the way, here's a letter from her. It came this morning. I was told. There was no other mail for you."

"It's strange what has become of Mr. Alden's letter," said Elsie, "the one he mentioned in that note."

"Do you mean that you didn't receive it?" exclaimed Brenda.

Elsie shook her head.

"It didn't come," she said.

Kendall did not understand the significance of this, as he had no accurate knowledge of the contents of the note. He arose and moved toward the door, Brenda accompanying him.

"If you should chance to meet Mr. Elmendorf this morning," said she, "perhaps it would be better not to mention what you have just heard."

"About the letter?"

"Yes."

"I will not speak of it," said Kendall, "and as to the message which I shall take to Mr. Alden from Miss Miller, while of course I attach no sinister meaning to it, I shall take pains to forget it immediately."

"We cannot know what it is that she wishes him to put out of his mind," said Brenda. "Perhaps his love for her."

"We will take that view of it," replied Kendall. At this moment a nurse came to take instructions about breakfast for Brenda and the patient, and she brought word that Mr. MacLane was in the reception room, very anxious to see his daughter.

[To be Continued.]

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THE IRON RAM MERRIMAC

A Fortieth Anniversary War Story

SMASHING THE WOODEN FLEET

March 8, 1862

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IN order to economize in time as well as in money the projector of the first iron ram fished the sunken hull of the United States war frigate Merrimac from the bottom of Elizabeth river. The conversion of the wooden frigate into an ironclad steam ram began by cutting the old hull down to within three feet of the water line. Both ends for several feet back were decked over level so that the weight of the superstructure and armament would keep them below water, or awash, as the sailors say. In the middle section, or about one-half of the ship, a sloping roof was laid of pitch pine and oak timbers twenty-four inches thick. This roof extended from the water line at an angle of 35 degrees to a point seven feet above the gun deck. At the ends of the vessel this timber shield was rounded so as to give the bow and stern guns a wide sweep in firing.

Over the timber shield of the ram was riveted an armor of iron plating in two layers and four inches thick. In motor power the old hulk was weak. Her engines had been condemned as worn out even before they passed through the fire which destroyed the frigate, and they afterward lay for weeks submerged in salt water.

But at her worst the Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was rechristened, was the best fighting machine afloat in southern waters that spring morning when she slipped from her ways, took a sousing if rather ungraceful plunge and righted herself with an air that seemed to convey to the model men-of-war of the world the saucy challenging salute: "I am here! Haul down your colors!"

Nothing was lacking to make the Merrimac a most terrible floating battery. She carried a 7 inch rifle each in bow and stern and three 9 inch smoothbores in each broadside. Last, but not least, for that was the main purpose of this unique creation, came the ram, or beak, a cast iron prow, projecting four feet from the bow, and when in action so completely submerged as to be out of sight of the enemy and cut below the water line in striking.

All the heavy armor of the ship was intended simply to shield men, engines, machinery and cannon while the vessel should be fighting her way toward an enemy to give a finishing thrust with that terrible beak, which weighed 1,500 pounds. When the Mer-

ram appeared in Hampton Roads, five Federal vessels lay just across the main channel—the thirty gun sloop Cumberland and the fifty gun frigate Congress at Newport News, and six miles east, off Fortress Monroe, the forty gun frigates Minnesota and Roanoke and the fifty gun frigate St. Lawrence. These were all wooden ships, and only the day before, in anticipation of a raid by the much belauded Merrimac, had been ordered to make all haste into the Potomac river for safety.

Hampton Roads is a waterway between the lower end of the Chesapeake bay and the mouth of the James river. The Confederates occupied the southern shore with batteries, and the northern shore was lined with forts and camps of the Federal army. The order for the Federal vessels anchored north of the channel within range of friendly guns to seek safety in flight had not taken effect when the ram hove in sight about noon the 8th of March. On board the Congress and Cumberland the sailors' freshly washed clothing was drying in the rigging, and their boats were swarmed from their booms.

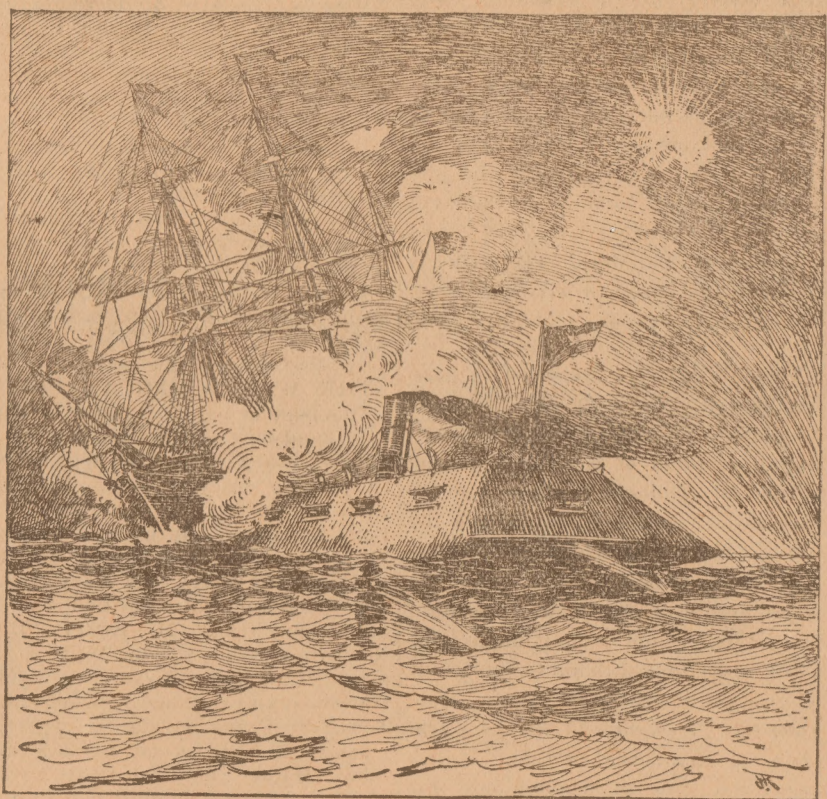
Heralded by a pillar of black smoke rising out of the mouth of Elizabeth river, a strange craft steamed under the Confederate batteries and headed for Newport News in the direction of the Congress and Cumberland and the Federal shore batteries. These ships and batteries, aggregating 100 guns, opened on the stranger at three-fourths of a mile.

The broadsides of the thirty-two pounders of the Congress rolled harmlessly from the plated shield of the ram, which passed the frigate and moved slowly toward the Cumberland to get position to ram. She kept well out of the way of broadsides for a time, but at last the Cumberland's pivot rifle and forward guns bore on the target. A duel of fifteen minutes at 300 yards followed, and the shots of the ram cut the wooden war sloop with frightful effect. The tide was slack, with no wind, and the Cumberland was a still target for the steam ram. Entire gun's crews were annihilated by single shots.

At the end of fifteen minutes' firing the Merrimac headed for the Cumberland, striking her ponderous beak upon the wooden bow. The sloop immediately began to sink and carried the ram down with her until the iron beak which coupled the antagonists broke off. As the ram backed away she stood motionless for some time under the broadsides of the Cumberland, and the heroic sailors of the sloop, although they knew their ship was doomed, poured shots upon the Merrimac at close quarters till she fairly reeled under the blows on her plating.

Not a shot broke through the armor of the ram. The Cumberland continued sinking, and the commander of the ram hailed to know if she would surrender. "Never!" cried her captain, the gallant Morris. "We'll sink alongside." As the water rose the crew climbed higher and continued working the guns until at last their muzzles were in the water. The man who fired the last shot as a death knell was mortally wounded in that short fight. The flag was flying from the staff as the old ship rested on the bottom, with her rigging above the tide.

After finishing the Cumberland the Merrimac turned to the frigate Congress, which could only be reached by taking a tortuous channel that brought the ram under the guns of the Federal batteries on shore. If the batteries had a few more heavy guns or more solid shot for the ones in position that day, there would have been no Monitor and Merrimac fight on March 9. At one time the ram's keel dragged in the mud while she was making a long turn 800 yards from the batteries. Well aimed shells tore away her davits, knocked the muzzle off one of the guns and stove two firing ports into one. The ram's commander, Admiral Buchanan, was struck by one of the shots, and a sailor who crawled out on



FINISHING BLOW TO THE WOODEN SLOOP OF WAR CUMBERLAND.

deck to replace a flag shot away was instantly knocked into the sea.

While the Merrimac was fast under the guns on shore the Congress slipped her cable and moved into shoal water close under the friendly batteries. The Merrimac finally got free and steamed up close enough to land some shots on her. The sailors immediately ran out white flags, but the colors still floated at the mast.

A Confederate tug steamed up toward the Congress, but General Mansfield, the Federal commander on shore, ordered his riflemen to fire upon her for fear the guns of the Congress would be turned upon his batteries. The tug was driven off by this fire, and the heavy guns continued pounding the ram. At this Admiral Buchanan, believing that some of the missiles flying over the ram came from the Congress, ordered the helpless frigate to be riddled with incendiary shells. She was soon ablaze, and the survivors of the crew saved themselves by jumping into the water. Two southern officers lost their lives while working to rescue the wounded sailors of the burning ship.

One man killed and twenty wounded were the battle casualties on the ram. Two guns had lost their muzzles, the smokestack was gone, likewise one anchor; but the monster was a crewer still. Eight guns and their masts were in fighting trim, and at dark she went back to her moorings to prepare for a final fight with the rest of Uncle Sam's wooden fleet next day.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

STORIES OF CORRIGAN

The Archbishop's Characteristics Interestingly Depicted.

PLEASING INSTANCE OF HIS TAOT

How the Famous Catholic Prelate Placed a Guest of Different Faith at His Ease—Amusing Incident on a Railway Train Bound Out From Munich.

Here are some interesting anecdotes of Archbishop Corrigan of New York: The famous prelate never more fully displayed the charming tact which, aside from his other attainments, made him so wide a popularity than at a reception of the Catholic club in New York city.

The guests had pressed forward in a long line to be introduced and kiss the archiepiscopal ring, but a New York World. Smiling in an embarrassed way, she explained that her husband, she thought, stood in awe of his grace. But his grace made no such mistake. Wife and husband were of different faith. He grasped the situation in a moment, and a humorous light came into his eyes.

Whispering to the priest at his side, he expressed his desire to have the man presented. There was no alternative. The recalcitrant approached. The archbishop extended both hands, firmly caught the right hand of his unwilling guest and, holding it to his breast, made it impossible for him to kneel during their short conversation.

Sometimes the occasion arose where the archbishop was compelled, in a more or less public way, to reveal some of his literary accomplishments. Such took place some time ago when he was in Europe, says Holland in the Philadelphia Press.

It is an anecdote which his then secretary, McDonnell, now bishop of Brooklyn, who was present at the time of the incident, tells with much amusement. The archbishop had entered a compartment of a railway train bound out from Munich. In the compartment were two Italian officers and a third gentleman whose nationality was not apparent at first. For some time the Italians chatted with the archbishop in their native tongue, apparently not realizing that Italian was not also the native tongue of the archbishop.

Something occurred which led the other gentleman to speak, he addressing the archbishop in French, and he received a reply in that language from the archbishop. Something went wrong about the window, and this gentleman then spoke in English about it, addressing his remark to the archbishop, who replied in English.

The conversation was continued between them in English, and the stranger at last said that he understood the American archbishop Corrigan had been in Munich, adding that he would have been greatly delighted had he been able to meet him, having taken great interest in the career of Archbishop Corrigan.

The countenance of the archbishop was imperturbable. Then the stranger, doubtless perceiving from his dress that the archbishop was a clergyman of the Catholic church, asked him if he knew whether Archbishop Corrigan had left Munich, and to this question the archbishop replied very quietly: "Yes; I believe he has gone." The stranger then said that he was an American and, asking the archbishop his nationality, was told in reply, "I am an American too."

Soon after that the stranger, being about to leave the train, asked the archbishop if he would not exchange cards with him. His card revealed that he was a captain in the United States army. He did not look at the archbishop's card until as the train was just starting, but he must have discovered a moment later that his wish had been gratified and that he had not only seen the American archbishop, but had been in conversation with him.

Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan was born in Newark, N. J., on Aug. 14, 1840. His parents came to the United States from Leinster, Ireland, settling in Newark. The father prospered and succeeded in his aim to give his children the best education that could be had. After completing the courses in the lower schools and then the higher ones the young man was sent to St. Mary's college, in Emmitsburg, Md., where his career as a student is still held up to the present classes as an example of what a man can accomplish if he sets his mind on his studies.

Archbishop Corrigan succeeded to the see of New York in October, 1885, when Cardinal McCloskey died.

Pingpong Favors.

Souvenirs for pingpong parties, according to the New York Commercial Advertiser, are to be had at the confectioners' shops already, and the makers of cotton favors are racking their brains for ideas that will suggest the game that has almost eclipsed bridge, and bids fair to cast even golf into the shade. The pingpong candy boxes are in the form of pingpong bats or rackets (call them bats if you would be English, you know) and have a small rubber ball fastened to the top. The handle is tied with ribbon, and the box holds about half a pound of sweetmeats.

Boer Subjects of the Kaiser.

After the war broke out 150 Boers trekked into German Southwest Africa, where they have since become naturalized subjects of the kaiser. They are now serving their time as German soldiers.

THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

\$1.00 Per Year. Strictly in Advance.

tered at the Postoffice in Ypsilanti, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

POINTS OF THE GOVERNMENT CASE.

The case of the government against the alleged beef trust has been begun in the United States circuit court at Chicago. The petition filed for an injunction asks for a hearing on the charges on May 20th. The allegations in the petition are that the members of the trust are Armour, Swift, Hammond, Morris Cudahy, Schwarzchild and Sulzberger and that they control 60 per cent of the fresh meat business of the country.

That they conspire to refrain from bidding against each other, except perfunctorily, and thus cause stock sellers to receive less for their stock than they would but for the trust.

That packers conspire to bid up prices for a few days and thus cause live stock men to rush large consignments of stock to market.

That when a large supply is in the pens they then drive prices below the normal and compel the stock men to sell at a loss.

That the packers conspire to fix the prices of fresh meat, both here and abroad, to dealers and consumers.

That they hold secret meetings at which fixed prices are agreed upon and which are not to be deviated from. That they restrict the amount of shipments when such action is profitable to themselves and that they impose penalties upon each other for breaking agreements.

That they have a uniform rule of credits.

That they keep a "black list" and refuse to sell to such delinquents.

That they impose a uniform cartage charge upon dealers and consumers, whereas without the combination, no charges whatever would be made.

That they receive through rebates unlawful rates from railroads.

Therefore, in view of these unlawful doings, the government asks that the trust be restrained from doing any and all these things which are contrary to law, that the trust be required to produce its books, papers and documents relative to its dealings, and that subpoenas be issued to bring into court for testimony the owners and managers of the companies constituting the combination.

It is said that the government has the strongest kind of evidence on all the different points enumerated. The government will lay bare the methods resorted to by the combine to accomplish its ends. The innermost workings of the railroads in their relations to the packers will be brought before the courts. The prosecution promises to be a most interesting one and it is alleged will show clearly how this great combination places its hand, as it were, in the pocket of every consumer of meat and takes therefrom an unlawful profit.

The speeches being made in the senate these days by republican senators are given over to extolling the American soldier and Fourth of July sentiments relative to the American flag. Some of the pretty ways in which these orators play on these two things are most attractive. No one for a minute disputes any of them. All are agreed, of course, as to the bravery and courage of the American soldier and what he has done from the foundation of the government to now. The flag is also conceded to be very pretty and to stand for the things they claim. No one will challenge the good republican senators on either of these points. There is no difference of opinion among our people on these points. But they have little to say, in fact nothing, about the cruelties and acts of barbarism in the Philippines, which are the real points of discussion. It simply means that the republicans think they have more to gain by dodging the issue than by meeting it squarely. They seem to think by saying these things about the flag and the bravery of the American soldier they can blind the people and turn their attention from the deplorable happenings in the Philippines. They may succeed in doing this, but we doubt it. What is indefensible and a blot on our fair name over there cannot be successfully defended before the American people.

Congressman Smith has two lone delegates from Ypsilanti city. They are on the delegation from the First ward. They are there simply by the graciousness of the other fellows.

WILL BE DOUBLED OR TREBLED IF NECESSARY.

Later reports going to show that the terrible calamity to the people of St. Pierre, island of Martinique, is fully as bad if not worse than at first reported, led congress yesterday to appropriate \$200,000 for the relief of the sufferers. President Roosevelt in a special message to congress recommended that \$500,000 be appropriated. The treasury, war and navy departments will co-operate in rushing relief to the sufferers. Supplies of all kinds will be rushed to the sufferers at the earliest possible moment.

This is but an act of humanity and is commended by every sentiment and faculty of human kind. The calamity to the hapless people of Martinique by which some thirty or forty thousand lives were almost instantly wiped out and fifty thousand or more others rendered homeless and destitute of every human comfort is one calculated to stir the heart and mind of all to action looking to immediate relief. And if the sum appropriated does not meet the demands, another like appropriation should follow this one. The Great Republic is so situated that it can extend the much needed relief soonest and a duty was never more manifest. It is praiseworthy that the government has so promptly responded to this crying need. While the act is one of common humanity, it will none the less make a lasting impression on our friend, the Great French Republic, and will be remembered to our credit by the French people for years to come.

Another great coal strike is on and 145,000 men are out in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. There is every evidence that the coal trust has practiced upon the miners the same methods they have inflicted upon the coal consumers. There probably is not a more grasping trust in the country and none in position to absolutely carry out its mandates with more undeviating strictness than the hard coal trust. The price of coal to the remotest consumer in the country is fixed by the trust. The so-called retailers are almost as much at the mercy of the trust as the miners themselves. The price they must sell coal for is fixed for them by the trust. They dare not deviate from these prices for the penalty of such action would be the cutting off of their supply. The miners are ground down to conditions not far removed from slavery. Their wages are little more than half what the wages are in the bituminous coal fields. This difference is due in large part to the fact that they are not as well organized as the bituminous coal miners. The demands of the miners seem to be just and fair and it is to be hoped they will succeed in extorting from their hard taskmasters their dues. The strike is justified and ought to have the moral support of the people generally.

The fate which is reported to have befallen St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique, is terrible to contemplate. By an eruption of a volcano on the island on Thursday it is said 40,000 persons lost their lives, practically the whole town being wiped out. If reports prove to be true, it is one of the worst events of the kind in modern years. The island of Martinique is of volcanic origin and the most important of the volcanoes is Mt. Pelee, some 4,000 feet in height and always warm from the great heat within. It has been in a state of eruption now for more than a week. St. Pierre is the nearest town and has a population of some 100,000. This has probably been considerably augmented by the fleeing inhabitants of the adjoining plantations which have been flooded by the burning lava. If the vessels in the harbor were only able to pick up 50 of the people, it may be that more complete information will make the calamity even worse than it now appears.

It is said that the Michigan Central railroad on its main line has taken in more money from its passenger traffic since it went to a two-cent fare than when it charged three cents. If this be true it would not seem that it has any reason to ask the state for \$27,000,000 in the way of compensation for its surrender of its special charter. Having so good a friend as Governor Bliss in the executive office may be the convincing point in the matter just at present. Such corporations are not at all modest about such matters, let the facts be as they may.

There is a report that the Hon. William Judson would like to hold down a position on the Ann Arbor board of public works. If this legend has any foundation in fact, the question naturally arises, What is the motive? Surely the Red Chieftain is not toying with the congressional ambition of Mayor Copeland?

DOINGS IN PITTSFIELD

Pittsfield, May 6.—Mr. Frank Cubitt of Grand Rapids, was home last week to see his parents and other friends. He is a barber in Grand Rapids.

There is Sunday school at the Roberts school house every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Deacon W. J. Canfield is superintendent.

Farmers will plant a large acreage of beans in this township this season. They pay better than meat.

Mr. C. Cubitt intends putting in two acres of tomatoes for the coming factory at Ypsilanti.

There is a fair prospect for fruit in Pittsfield.

Miss Hattie Walker, of Saline, teaches school in the Roberts district this season.

Wages are somewhat higher in Pittsfield this season than last year.

Coughs and colds, down to the very borderland of consumption, yield to the soothing, healing influences of Dr. Wood's Norway Pin Syrup.

HAPPENINGS IN MILAN

Milan, Mich., May 14.—The snow fell to the depth of three inches and it was a strange sight to see the citizens out shoveling the walks on May 10. Some of our residents remember a heavy fall of snow 27 years ago on the last of May, when it fell to the depth of several inches.

Mrs. W. H. Houseman returned from Wauseon, Ohio, the last of the week.

Mr. George Steidle has changed his employment from a clerk in Juckets store to carpenter work with his father-in-law, Daniel Bell.

Mr. Harry Edwards has moved into one of the Blakeslee cottages on Marvin st.

Mrs. Mary Wallace has had one of her houses on County st. repapered by Mrs. Cathoun.

Mrs. W. R. Seavey has returned to her home in Fort Wayne after a five weeks sojourn with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kelly.

Mr. Charles Gauntlett has returned from her Detroit trip where he attended the stockholders meeting of the Los Reyes Gold Mine of which he is a stockholder.

Rev. Ed. Knickerbocker, of Nebraska, stopped over last Sunday, en route to New York city, and visited his parents here. He is a delegate from Nebraska to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church this week in New York.

The Christian Endeavorers held a left-hand social at the parlors of the Presbyterian church Friday evening. Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Zimmerman, and Mrs. Seavey were in Detroit Tuesday on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin entertained their niece, Miss Edna Baldwin of Monroe last Sunday.

Mr. Charles Townsend, of Jackson, was in Milan a few days ago, looking over the political field.

Miss K. Inman, who has rooms in Mrs. Stimpson's house on East Main st. is quite ill.

Mr. Chas. Coe is seriously ill with brain trouble. Dr. Herdman, of Ann Arbor, has been called to see him.

THE MAY "AMERICAN BOY."

This popular boys' magazine for May is a handsome production, printed as it is on heavy paper and with beautiful pictures on every page. The principal stories in this issue are: "A Bond of Honor," by Charlotte Catty; "How the Vein was Found," by Roe L. Hendrick; "Jerry," by Mary Hamilton Cochran; "A Position on the Staff," by Frank H. Sweet; "Billy Newgate's Nephew," by Willard Lamonte Hartshorn; "Robert," by Louise Hardenberg Adams; "Our First Tour," by Frank Savage.

Some of the special articles are: "The Mother of the Confederacy," "Life in an Aquarium," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Perhaps Another Edison," "Stuart Robson as a Boy," "The Boys' Club of the Church Club of Philadelphia," "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on Religion and Business." There is a whole page of humorous pictures and reading matter appropriate to the time of the year, entitled "Just for Fun."

The special departments: "Boys in the Home, Church and School," "For Boys to Think About," "The Agassiz Association," "Boys in Games and Sports," "Oratory and Debating," "The Boy Stamp, Coin and Curio Collector," "Boys as Money Makers and Money Savers," "The order of THE AMERICAN BOY," "The Puzzle Department," "The Boy Photographer," "The Amateur Journalist and Printer," "The Boys' Library," "The Boys' Brain Gym," and others are replete with interesting matter for young and old.

The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum, and it is published by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

SPECIAL ROUND TRIP SUNDAY RATES.

Sunday excursion tickets to all points on the Michigan Central will be sold, good returning on day of sale only, at one and one-half cents per mile each way. Tickets good on all trains. B. M. DAMON, Agent.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House and one-half acre of land on Hawkins street. Hard and soft water. Cheap to right party. John O. Baxter, 445 Harriet street, phone 358-2r.

Read the Sentinel-Commercial.

NEWS ABOUT WILLIS FOLKS

Willis, May 13.—Mrs. C. H. Finney visited her daughter, May Robinson, in Milan last Sunday.

Miss Mary O'Brien, of Ypsilanti, is spending a few days at her old home with her mother.

Miss Grace Champion, of Jackson, is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Hammond, for a while.

Henry Fullington has built a new woodhouse.

Mrs. Sarah Hammond and daughter Alice have got the mumps.

Alfred C. Smith has moved his barn to the north side of the road.

Fred Roberts is sick in bed with the mumps.

There is a new station agent at this place in place of George S. Bethell, deceased.

One day last week our depot came near being destroyed by fire from a spark from a locomotive.

A man by the name of Towler has moved into the S. P. Ballard tenant house. He is a section hand on the Wabash railroad.

Mrs. Ina Champion had another poor spell last week.

John M. Greenman, who is at work in Ypsilanti, spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents in the Island district.

W. C. & C. R. Greenman have bought a horse to use in connection with their papering and painting business.

The base ball club of Whittaker had a nice dance last Friday night.

The Willis Tent of Macanbees elected Bert Youngs as delegate last Monday night to the grand review to be held at Marquette next June.

Mrs. Thomas O'Brien has got home after attending the funeral of her father, Mr. Jabin Strong, of Somerset Center.

Miss Jessie Greenman is able to be out around again after being confined to the house two weeks with the mumps.

R. F. Walters is having his store painted.

Frank Ealy has gone to work for Thomas Gots at the carpenter trade.

A republican caucus will be held at the Augusta town hall Saturday, May 17, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., to elect 8 delegates to the county convention to be held in Ann Arbor May 19.

Mrs. Wm. A. Heath has a daughter visiting with her from Dakota.

The section hands at Willis are laying out a park around the depot.

W. B. Sherman is getting the house formerly owned by Wm. H. Ostrander painted and papered.

Arthur Roberts has got the addition to his store up and enclosed.

Mrs. Julia Carroll, of Ypsilanti, was visiting at John Ryan's last Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Finney and Mrs. F. G. Norman were around one day last week soliciting hash, turnips, bread and butter, etc., for a charity ball to be given at Whittakers Corners next Friday evening, May 16.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of our section foreman, is visiting relatives in Indiana.

Charlie Johnson is in a serious condition with inflammatory rheumatism. Bert Youngs made a business trip to Detroit last Friday.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

EXCURSION.

Sunday, May 18, Michigan Central to DETROIT.

Leaves Ypsilanti 8:55 a. m.; returning leaves Detroit 7:30 p. m. Forty cents round trip; children 20 cents. Bicycles and baby cabs free.

21 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

EXCURSIONS TO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS—LAKE SHORE RY.

On May 17, 18 and 19, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. will sell excursion tickets to both St. Paul and Minneapolis at the rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning to leave those cities until June 30. Particulars from ticket agent or by writing to A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O. 21

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND PORTLAND, ORE., EXCURSIONS—LAKE SHORE RY.

May 26 to June 7 inclusive, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. will sell excursion tickets at less than half rates to San Francisco and Portland and return, good returning for sixty (60) days. Stop over will be allowed in certain western states. For full particulars ask ticket agents or write A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio; also ask for copy of "Summer Bargain Days."

Desiring additional help for the season of 1902, we can give employment at once to 100 girls from 19 to 35 years of age. The work is making ladies' muslin underwear and shirt waists on power machines. For particulars write

THE STANDARD MFG. CO., 23 Jackson, Mich.

NATIONAL BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.

St. Paul, Minn., May 20. Special excursion tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and return will be sold May 17, 18 and 19. Good returning to May 29, at a single fare, plus \$2, for the round trip. An extension of limit to June 30, may be obtained upon payment of 50 cents. B. M. DAMON, Agent.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

One of Georgia's Useful Educators is Grateful For What Pe-ru-na is Doing For Suffering Humanity.



F. A. Curtright, A. B., Principal of the Georgia Normal and Industrial Institute, and editor and proprietor of the "Georgia Helping Hand" writes the following glowing words concerning Peruna, and its efficacy in the cure of catarrh.

He says: "I was induced to try Peruna by the advice of a friend, and certainly believe that suffering humanity would be relieved if they only gave Peruna a fair trial. Would that I could frame words sufficient to express my gratitude for the benefits derived from its use."—F. A. CURTRIGHT, Greensboro, Ga.

Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota, in a letter written from Larimore, North Dakota, says:

"Persuaded by a friend, I have used Peruna as a tonic, and am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably efficacious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."—W. N. Roach.

Senator Roach's wife recommends Peruna also. She says: "I can cheerfully

recommend your excellent remedy, Peruna. Indeed, I know of no other remedy as good as yours. It is a grand tonic, and many of my friends have used it for catarrh with good results."—Mrs. W. N. Roach.

The most common phases of summer catarrh are catarrh of the stomach and bowels. Peruna is a specific for summer catarrh.

Mr. Wm. Hebley, Duquesne, Pa., writes:—"I am cured of catarrh of the stomach of two years standing. I had it so bad that I could not eat anything but milk. I doctored with several doctors and they could give me relief for a short time only. I saw Peruna recommended and thought I would try it, and I now think I am cured of catarrh. I have worked two months and did not lose a day."—Wm. Hebley.

Mr. Moses F. Merrill, Columbus, Cherokee Co., Kansas, Rural Route No. 3, writes:

"I had been troubled with systemics catarrh, which affected the lower bowels especially. I was troubled with running off of the bowels and troublesome catarrh of the bronchial tubes which caused spitting of thick mucus. Since taking Peruna my improvement has been wonderful. My bowels are regular as clock-work. I can now eat like other people and my vitals digest."—Moses F. Merrill.

Hon. Willis Brewer, Representative in Congress from Alabama, writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman: House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—"I have used one bottle of Peruna for lassitude, and I take pleasure in recommending it to those who need a good remedy. As a tonic it is excellent. In the short time I have used it it has done me a great deal of good."—Willis Brewer.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

BRIEF NEWS FROM SALINE

Saline, Mich., May 10.—Miss Mary Markin and Miss Burkhar are spending a few days in Detroit.

The Ladies Military Band gave a very fine concert here. The lecture course committee could not have secured a better closing number.

The Misses Brooks and Manley are visiting the Pontiac schools.

Mrs. Sam Josenhans is visiting in Detroit.

Rev. Beckwith and wife, of Plymouth, made Miss Rohring a short visit this week.

Emmanuel Rentschler, living two miles east of Saline, is erecting a new 36x90-foot barn.

Miss Cady, of Ypsilanti, is helping Miss Rohring in her millinery store.

A gasoline lamp caused considerable trouble in Charles Rogers' barber shop Thursday evening. It flamed up in an alarming manner and fearing an explosion, Mr. Rogers threw it into the street. Instead of causing damage however the lamp burned out harmlessly.

Miss A. M. Humphrey was in Detroit Friday.

Mrs. Frank Buck and Miss Tottie Wallace were in Ann Arbor yesterday.

Mother. Yes one package makes two quarts of baby medicine. See directions. There is nothing just as good for babies and children as Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Morford & Smith.

Ask Your Neighbor.

Hundreds of Ypsilanti Citizens Can Tell You All About It.

Home endorsement, the public expression of Ypsilanti people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Ypsilanti reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in faraway places. Read the following:

Mrs. D. Sullivan, husband employed on the street cars, living at 30 South Grove street, says: "There was a dull pain across my back at times so severe that I could hardly attend to my household duties, so I made up my mind something had to be done. I noticed in our city papers where cases like mine had been cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, so I lost no time in procuring a box at Weinmann & Matthews' drug store. I began using them at once and they gave me more relief than hitherto I had been able to obtain. I am glad to let others know it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, DOAN'S, and take no other.

File No. 7867 11-474. Estate of Joseph Follimore

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 23rd day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

PRESENT, WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph Follimore, deceased.

Morton F. Ouse, administrator de bonis non, having filed in this Court his final administration account and praying the same may be examined and allowed, with decree of assignment of the residue of the estate to follow allowance of account.

It is ordered, that the 28th day of May, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Sentinel-Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.] JAMES E. McNEEGOR, Register.

File No. 8567 12-158 E. P. ALLEN (AU'Y.)

Estate of Martha Sheehan

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 11th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two.

PRESENT, WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Nancy Benham, deceased.

Horatio N. Benham, administrator of said estate having filed in this Court, his final account and praying the same may be examined and allowed with decree of assignment of the residue of estate to follow allowance of account.

It is ordered, that the 10th day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Sentinel-Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.] JAMES E. McNEEGOR, Probate Register.

File 726 11-170. NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1902, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Emma McPherson, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 7th day of November next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on the 7th day of August and on the 7th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, May 7, A. D. 1902. WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

QUEEN & CRESCENT

Fast line to Birmingham and New Orleans. Two fast trains daily.

One hundred miles shortest to Chattanooga, Queen & Crescent Route.

Only through car line to Asheville, N. C., Queen and Crescent Route and Southern Railway.

Queen & Crescent service Cincinnati to Atlanta and Jacksonville the best in the country.

BOR & JACKSON RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.
The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.
Leave Ypsilanti. Leave Saline.
6:45 a. m. 7:30 a. m.
8:45 9:45
10:45 11:45
12:45 p. m. 1:45 p. m.
2:45 3:45
4:45 5:45
6:45 7:30
8:45 9:45
10:45 11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

February 18, 1902.
On and after this date cars will leave Jackson going east at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10 p. m.
Leave Grass Lake going east at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m.
Leave Chelsea going east at 6:45 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m.
Leave Ann Arbor going west at 7:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m.
Leave Chelsea going west at 8:04 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:04 a. m.
Leave Grass Lake going west at 8:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 12:30 a. m.

The company reserves the right to change the time of any car without notice.
Cars will meet at Grass Lake and at No. 2 siding.
Cars will run on Detroit local time.

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Miss Abba Owen entertained a number of friends at the Episcopal parish house, at supper, last Saturday evening.

The Ladies' Study club will hold their next meeting Wednesday afternoon, May 21, at the home of Mrs. Beall.

Rev. and Mrs. Springer, formerly pastor of the Methodist church in this city, are the guests of Ypsilanti friends.

Miss Olive Lemley, who has been home since January, has returned to her grandparents in Lansing, for the summer.

Miss McDowell, who has been in the city the past few months, leaves soon for her home in the northern part of the state.

A dance will be given at Maccabee hall at Whittaker, Friday evening, May 16. Supper will be served by the L. O. T. M.

Mrs. Wm. Pride, of Springfield, Ill., who has been the guest of Mrs. B. J. Neff the past week, left Saturday for Evanston, Ill.

George Holmes and family, of Hamilton, Ont., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes, of Forest ave.

The young people of the Baptist church will give a social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Howe and Miss Ethel Howe, of Adams st., left Thursday for an extended visit with relatives in Missouri.

Rev. and Mrs. Wharton left Tuesday night for New York city, where they will attend the great Presbyterian general assembly.

The Star basketball team of the Normal entertained the Stripes at the gymnasium Monday afternoon, serving ice cream and cake.

S. R. Beal, of the Cleary college, has accepted a position as principal of the commercial department of the high school at St. Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Yost celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary Monday in the presence of fifteen friends and relatives.

J. W. Simmons, formerly superintendent of the Normal training school, has been elected superintendent of the Owosso public schools.

Mrs. Walter Steffy and daughter, Elizabeth, have returned from a few weeks' stay with Mrs. Johnston, of White Fish Bay, Wis.

Mrs. C. F. Comstock left yesterday for Hudson, where she will attend the district convention of the Women's Home Missionary society.

At the recent meeting of the 20th century club, Miss Beryl Sanford was awarded the first prize and Miss Laura Scovill the consolation prize.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church met with Mrs. McCullough on her 75th birthday and remembered her with many useful presents.

The twenty-second annual May Festival will be held Tuesday, May 29, at the Methodist church. "Columbia," a patriotic cantata, will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were given a reception at the residence of the latter's mother, Mrs. Hotchkiss, of Congress street, last Saturday evening.

Rachel Fletcher and Pearl Twist, of the senior class of the Ypsilanti high school, received teachers' certificates at the recent examinations at Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams and Master Curtis Bowling, of Detroit, have been spending a few days in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Williams.

Dr. B. L. D'Ooge will read a paper on "The Teaching of First Year Latin" at the session of the Chicago and Cook County High School association, at Chicago, Saturday.

Myron Babcock, of Toledo, a former resident of Ypsilanti, is spending a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Bert Rogers, before leaving for his new home at Milwaukee.

On May 30 the Ypsilanti Y. W. C. A. will join with the Ann Arbor Y. W. C. A. in a picnic at a place to be announced later. Each member is invited to attend and bring a friend.

The Do What You Can circle of King's Daughters will give a 10-cent supper at the residence of Miss Janet Waterbury, near Rawsonville, Friday evening, May 23, from 5:30 until 8 o'clock.

Rev. Chas. O'Reilly, of Adrian, who delivers the baccalaureate address for the Ypsilanti high school the Sunday preceding the commencement will also attend the alumni banquet and will respond to a toast.

Mrs. Wells entertained the Hamilton whist club Tuesday afternoon. The top scores were won by Mrs. Scovill and Miss Blodgett, north and south, and Mrs. Harding and Miss Laura Smith, east and west.

Alex. B. Hardy, of the class of '88 of the Ypsilanti high school, who is now president of the Durant-Dort Carriage Co., of Flint, will attend the commencement exercises and will be one of the speakers at the alumni banquet.

The reception given at the Y. W. C. A. rooms last Thursday evening was well attended. A miscellaneous program was given and the reports of the various committee read, after which light refreshments were served to forty friends.

Fred and Clark Coe were called to Brighton last Saturday by the death of their mother, Mrs. Harrison Coe, who passed away at the age of 79 years, from a paralytic stroke. Mrs. Coe had resided at Brighton for 65 years. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon.

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The Ladies' Study club have elected Mrs. George Walterhouse and Mrs. W. W. Wallington delegates to the coming state convention of the Federation of Women's club, at Muskegon, with Miss Emma Minor and Mrs. Bralley as alternates.

William Van Riper, a Co. G man, has been granted a divorce from his southern wife, whom he married while with the company at Knoxville. He claims that certain incidents in the lady's past did not develop until after the marriage.

On Sunday June 1, occurs the public anniversary of the Y. W. C. A. This will be held in the Presbyterian churches, the churches of the city uniting in this meeting. Miss Esther Anderson, General Secretary of the Detroit Y. W. C. A. and Miss Florence Simms, State Secretary, will be present for the occasion.

Four counts appeared in Justice Joslyn's court Monday and were fined as follows: Joe Dennison, \$7.45; Henry Kish, 10 days; Joe Brady, 10 days; Roy Landen, 10 days. The two last named were boisterous near the Gilbert residence on Grove street, Saturday, so that Officers Ryan and Ferguson were summoned.

The local Arbeiter Verein are already making preparations for the German-American Day celebration to be held at Ypsilanti, August 17. The program will include sports, a big parade, speeches and a dance at the grove, and no effort will be spared to make the day a success. Large delegations will be present from this and neighboring counties.

The U. of M. committee, consisting of Professor W. H. Payne and A. S. Whitney, of the pedagogical department, inspected the Ypsilanti high school Monday, May 12. They expressed themselves as much gratified with what they saw and stated that the high school would continue on the approved diploma list for the next three years.

Patrolman Dennis O'Keefe, of Detroit, who had charge of the Ascher jury last November, is on trial for contempt of court, as it is alleged that he and several of the jurymen became intoxicated. The jury was discharged and O'Keefe and two of the jurymen were held for contempt. Ascher is charged with the murder of V. C. Nichols, of Ypsilanti.

Mesdames Owen, Jarvis, Shute and Spencer, officers of St. Luke's Parish Aid society introduced an innovation by giving "a thimble party" last Thursday afternoon at the church house. The money element enters so largely into church gatherings that the novelty of having something with this element left out made the party a grand success. Light refreshments were served and everyone had a good time and said goodbye with the wish there might be another party soon.

The reception committee consisted of John Craig, president; Harriet Smith, secretary; Gertrude Himebaugh, treasurer, and Philip Dennis, J. Q. Roode, Anna Stevenson and Carl McClelland, of the executive committee.

The senior class of the Normal held their annual reception at the gymnasium Saturday evening, 200 seniors, faculty members and outside guests being present. The decorations of the sorority party held the previous evening had been left in great part, and in addition bunting in the class colors, yellow and blue, was draped from the ceiling. Witmore's orchestra furnished music for dancing.

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A SCHOOL OF SIX WEEKS

This Summer Instead of Twelve as Formerly

VERY COMPLETE COURSES

However is Offered and Credit for Twelve Weeks May be Obtained in Some Courses

The announcements for the Normal summer school, which are just out, show that the courses are to be unusually complete this year, although the term has been cut down from twelve to six weeks, for the accommodation of the public school teachers who do not care to devote the entire vacation to study.

Full credit for a twelve weeks' term may be secured in many of the courses, as arrangements are made on the schedule for holding two recitations daily.

Practically all the so-called professional work will be offered, including as it does psychology, general method, history of education, school supervision and child study; and the following teachers' courses will be given: Arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, physiology, civics, geometry and Latin. A considerable proportion of the more strictly academic studies are on the schedule, making the summer school practically as complete as any of the other terms. The training school will be open, but only for observation, as students will have no opportunity to teach and will be given no credit for their work.

The faculty includes six heads of departments—Prof. Barbour, English; Jefferson, geography; Pease, music; Sherzer, natural sciences; Hoyt, psychology and method; Lodeman, German and French.

The senior class of the Normal held their annual reception at the gymnasium Saturday evening, 200 seniors, faculty members and outside guests being present. The decorations of the sorority party held the previous evening had been left in great part, and in addition bunting in the class colors, yellow and blue, was draped from the ceiling. Witmore's orchestra furnished music for dancing.

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FISH OR FLESH

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY STORY...

By Peter McArthur

Copyright, 1901, by Peter McArthur

ELLEN CALLAHAN was standing at the door of her father's house watching the St. Patrick's day procession file past on its way to the church, where there was to be a special mass for the United Descendants of the Irish Pioneers. Suddenly a joke flashed into the head of Tim Carson, and he couldn't hold it in, though he well knew what the result would be.

"See that you don't make fish of one and flesh of the other, Ellen, darling," he called to her. Everybody in the procession roared, Ellen blushed furiously and Will Ryan, who was carrying the banner of the order, stiffened himself straighter than ever and registered a vow to thrash Tim Carson.

Inspired by the success of Carson's joke, Mike McGrath thought he, too, would have his fling and bawled:

"Ellen, remember it must be the whole hog and all or none at all!"

While the crowd was laughing at this fresh sally Dan Halloran, who was riding at the head of the procession, gave the patient horse he bestrode a vicious cut with his switch and swore under his breath that Mike McGrath would carry his features in a sling for at least a month after this blessed day. At the second gibe Ellen had darted back into the friendly shelter of the house, where her mother was laughing fit to kill herself.

"Sure, it is your own fault, Ellen, if they do be joking with you. Why don't you make up your mind which one of them you want?"

"Perhaps I'd better wait till I'm asked," said Ellen.

"Tut!" said her mother, with aspersions. "Everybody in the whole settlement knows that Will Ryan and Dan Halloran are just crazy after you, and you needn't tell me, as often as you have been to picnics and ologs with one or the other of them or have come home from the church with them, that they have never asked you."

"Well, I have never given them my promise, then." And she tossed her crown of bushy red hair defiantly.

"Oh, of course, I don't want you to take any one you don't want to, but Dan Halloran is a fine boy."

"He's all right when he's working in the coalyard in the winter, but he is always dead broke in the summer when the extra men are laid off."

"Well, Will Ryan always has enough when the fish are running in the summer time."

"Yes, and all winter he would want me to live on 'potatoes and point,' as his folks before him did in Ireland."

But, despite her objections, these two young men occupied more of Ellen's thoughts than she would confess even to herself. She well knew that her happiness depended on making a choice between them, but which would she have? While she was in the city working as a housemaid for the past few months, it being her duty to help support the still growing family of Callahans, Dan had his fat months and was able to pay her several visits, on which occasions he urged his suit vehemently. The same months were Will Ryan's lean months; but, though he could not go to see her, he could write letters, and he devoted his leisure to writing such fine ones that he kept his rival from gaining an undue advantage, and, now that Ellen had

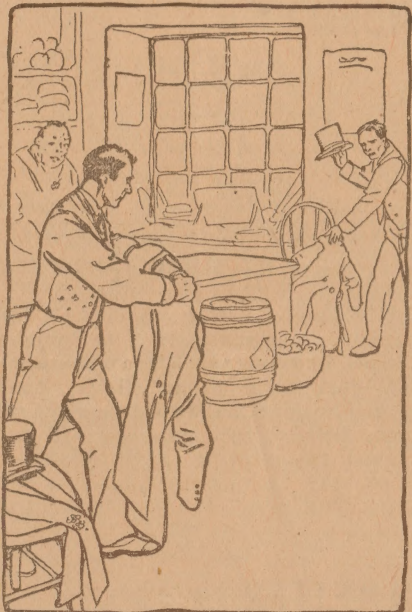


"SURE, IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT, ELLEN."

come home to spend St. Patrick's day under the family roof, they stood on a fairly equal footing, and each was resolved to wrest a final decision from her before she returned to the city. But as each was a distinguished member of the United Descendants of the Irish Pioneers they were unable to call on her until the day's performance was over, and now each had a prospective fight on his hands that might make all the difference in the world in the result of his plans. But in order that the plot that gave such offense may be properly understood something must be told of the town in which they all lived as well as of the high opposing parties themselves.

Ongara is a sleepy little town on one of the great lakes, one of the rapidly increasing number of whose inhabitants it is said that they live for nine months of the year on fish and three

months on the summer residents. At least three generations have elapsed since it was first settled by Irish fisher folk who followed in the new world the art that had been practiced for untold generations by their ancestors in the ever loved island. They fished prosperously every summer and starved cheerfully every winter till the development of the town and surrounding country gave rise to new industries. The clearing away of the forests made it necessary to have a coalyard, and when one was established Dan Halloran had been induced to work in it every winter. It is true that he might have fished in the summer and so have been prosperous all the year round; but, with the fatuity of a certain class of laborers, he looked on his work of handling coal as something of a profession, and when he was laid off in the summer he disdained to do anything else. In this he was no worse than all his friends and neighbors, who regarded their occupations in the same way, and Will Ryan really could not think



RYAN IMMEDIATELY STRIPPED OFF HIS COAT AND REGALIA.

of himself as doing anything else but fishing. This accounted for their months of poverty and prosperity, and as every one else in the town was of much the same shiftless disposition no one thought of reproving them for their foolish idleness.

Another thing that they inherited from their fathers was an intense love for the customs of "the old sod," and in consequence St. Patrick's day was always celebrated with processions made gay with the most wonderful regalias that could be devised from green cloth. And on the year we have in mind Tim Murphy, the grocer, had added a touch that seemed half Irish, half Yankee, and that was a "hog guessing."

He announced months in advance that the huge barrow he was fattening would be slaughtered on St. Patrick's day and that the man who guessed nearest to its exact weight would get the hog. Each was to pay 25 cents for a chance to guess, and on St. Patrick's day the hog was to be placed on exhibition in an open stall, where all could see it and have a fair chance to estimate its weight. At 4 o'clock the guessing would end, and then it was to be killed and weighed.

When the "hog guessing" was first announced, Dan and Will had expressed a lively interest, and each had told his best friend what he was thinking about, with the result that the whole town soon knew.

"If I can guess its weight," said Dan confidentially to his leaky friend, "I'll have the foundation of the summer's living, and, with what I have saved this winter, I can start housekeeping with Ellen."

"I could sell that pig for enough ready money to give Ellen and me a start," Will confided to his babbling friend. "We will soon have plenty of fish again, and I never cared much for pork anyway."

So each for a different reason made up his mind that he really needed that pig to complete his scheme and at once took steps to get it. Each of them haunted the pen where he was laying on such a wonderful amount of flesh that he could hardly walk and did a lot of thinking about his probable weight. But neither had a very good standard to go by.

"A lump of coal as big as that pig would weigh almost a ton," said Dan to himself. "But coal is heavier than pork, and it is the only thing that I am any judge of the weight of."

Will really had a better standard to go by, for fish and pork are much the same weight, though the shapes in which they are put up by nature are entirely different. To figure out how many two pound whitefish or hundred pound sturgeon he would need to make a bulk equal to that of Murphy's barrow was a problem far above a man who had never gone beyond vulgar fractions in the public school. But each in his different way figured as closely as he could, paid the necessary quarter to be allowed to guess at the weight of the animal and so entered into competition with at least 120 other villagers and farmers from the surrounding country. But, like true and loyal descendants of the Irish pioneers, they both deferred going around to the grocery store to make their guesses until the ceremonies for the day were over. And while marching in the procession, as already told, their friends had thought fit to make merry with them. But just wait.

Tim Carson was one of the first to reach the grocery store after the Descendants had disbanded, and, with the instinct of a true Irishman, he knew what was going to happen. He made his guess and then stood with his back to the wall, where no one could take him unawares. Then Will Ryan marched sternly up to the grocer and recorded his guess with the air of a man who had something else on his mind

and immediately stripped off his coat and regalia. In the meantime Carson had done the same, and a moment later there was a howling ring around them ready to see fair play. There was no need of any explanations, for both Ryan and Halloran had been teased unmercifully about their devotion to Ellen and the part that Murphy's pig might play in winning her decision provided she wished to start housekeeping. Both men clinched after a couple of futile swings that missed their mark, and for the next few seconds the fight was a snarling jumble of legs and arms, out of which Ryan's face finally emerged with a bloody nose and cut lip. But he was on top, and a moment later was perilously striding his enemy, sitting on his stomach and smashing his gnarled knuckles into his face.

"Enough, enough!" roared Carson, and the crowd closed in and separated them, for that was their idea of fair play. The fighters then washed off the blood as best they could, shook hands and adjourned with their friends to Donnelly's saloon to have a drink with the victor, which the saloon keeper kindly hung up until the first lucky day of fishing. But before they had finished this ceremony with much laughter a shout told them that Halloran was attending to the case of the other joker. As in the first case, the man who was battling for the love of his lady came out victorious and made merry with his friends.

By this time the last guess for the hog had been received, and the grocer and his assistants were busy with the work of killing and dressing it. Dan's interest in this was so keen that he couldn't help waiting to see the carcass weighed, and the treatment he had given Mike McGrath made every one else who might feel humorous keep a civil tongue in his head. But while Dan was watching the weighing Will had taken time by the forelock and had hurried away to see Ellen.

"If I win, I'll hear of it soon enough," he said, and he counted every minute not spent with his idol as worse than wasted.

"For the love of the saints," exclaimed Mrs. Callahan as she opened the door, "what happened to you?"

Will smiled a thick, swollen smile and carried himself with the air of the man in the picture who says, "But you ought to see the other fellow," as he replied: "I just had a bit of an argument with Tim Carson for being so fresh with Ellen this morning."

"But what did you do to McGrath for his impudence?" asked Ellen after shaking hands and laughing at his worn appearance.

"Oh," said Will, with a frown, "Dan Halloran thought it was one of his business to look after him."

"Well," said Ellen saucily, "I guess it was as much of his business as it



ELLEN MADE A LAUGHING RUSH AT HIM WITH A BROOM.

was of yours." Then she realized that Dan had not come to see her, and she exclaimed, with an exasperating air of alarm:

"But he didn't get hurt, did he? Oh, he didn't get hurt?"

Will smothered his wrath as best he could and assured her that Dan was all right, for he knew she would be for running away to nurse him if he said he was hurt, such being the way of woman.

"Oh, he's all right," he said, with a fine show of irony, "but he had to stay and spunk the pig at Murphy's while I thought it more to my taste to come and spunk you."

"Spark the pig?" asked Ellen. "I have heard enough about you wanting that pig yourself."

"True for you, but I only wanted to sell it. But Dan is like the fellow in the old schoolbook:

"He could not love you, dear, so much. Loved he not short ribs more."

At this sally Ellen made a laughing rush at him with a broom in her hand, and he dodged into the woodshed. Her mother heard a short struggle in the darkness into which Ellen had followed him and laughed quietly, for she had been young herself. A minute or so later Dan burst into the house, yelling: "I won the pig! I won the pig, Ellen, I won the pig!"

"You can't fool him on pigs!" called Ryan's voice out of the darkness. "He was raised among them." Ellen's laughter was heard applauding this honored jest, and when they appeared a moment later arm in arm Dan knew it was all over.

"I guess, Dan," said Mrs. Callahan, "that this is a case of fish, not flesh." "I'll see you before you get home tonight, William Ryan!" Dan exclaimed menacingly as he started toward the door.

"I shall be delighted to have some conversation with you," answered Ryan politely. Then he and Ellen received the blessings and congratulations of her mother and the rest of the family.

SPOKE OF "CLIFF DWELLERS"

An interesting stereopticon lecture on "The Cliff Dwellers" was given by George L. Cole, of Los Angeles, at Normal hall last Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Students' Christian Association.

Mr. Cole has spent many years among the ruins and monuments of the cliff and cave dwellers, and has a vast fund of information which he has woven into a narrative of human interest, that with the many views made up an enjoyable and interesting evening's entertainment.

He spoke first of the different theories of the origin of the Cliff Dwellers and of their evident disappearance, which latter is evidenced by the fact that in many of the dwellings the remains of food were found, some of which had evidently been left half cooked.

Views were given of the wonderful ruins and monuments in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, showing the great commercial buildings, the castles and palaces, the watch towers and fortifications and the immense irrigation systems.

Mr. Cole had many pictures of the relics discovered by himself, which included mummies, skeletons, pottery, stone and bone implements, musical instruments and fragments covered with picture writing. The lecture was closed with a comparison of the ancient and so-called modern Cliff Dwellers.

STANDS LIKE A STONE WALL.

Between your children and the tortures of itching and burning eczema, scaldhead or other skin diseases. How? Why? by using Bucklen's Arnica Salve, earth's greatest healer. Quick cure for Ulcers, Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, or Bruises. Infallible for Piles. 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spaulsby's drug stores.

Quill Pens.

Up to about 1830 quill pen making was a requisite and genteel accomplishment which formed part of the education of the youth of the period.

HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW.

I could not sleep, was dizzy and my work tired me. Doctors gave me no hope. They told me Bright's disease had taken firm hold on my kidneys. As a last resort I purchased one box of Kid-Ne-Oids. I received immediate relief and continued their use until cured. Please publish this as I want others to know that Kid-Ne-Oids do cure. John O'Neil, Altoona, Pa. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

STATE LINES.

Iowa leads all the other states in the Union in number of cattle, chickens and cabinet officers. Iowa should leave a few firsts for other states.—Omaha Bee.

If Connecticut keeps on electing labor mayors in her principal cities, that state will soon be in a fair way to become the New Zealand of the United States.—Rochester Post-Express.

Read the Sentinel-Commercial.

The EGGS

the coffee roaster uses to glaze his coffee with—would you eat that kind of eggs? Then why drink them?

Lion Coffee

has no coating of storage eggs, glue, etc. It's coffee—pure, unadulterated, fresh, strong and of delightful flavor and aroma.

Uniform quality and freshness are insured by the sealed package.

Dr. James McKee

M. D., University of Mich., Post-Graduate courses, Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat College.

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The Scientific Fitting of Glasses.

POSTOFFICE BUILDING,

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Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

A complete medical examination of the eyes is made in every case and without extra expense when spectacles, eye glasses, or lenses are prescribed and ordered.

MORE LIVES ARE SAVED

...BY USING...

Dr. King's New Discovery,

...FOR...

Consumption, Coughs and Colds

Than By All Other Throat and Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE. NO PAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1:40pm	9:00am	Ypsilanti	4:35pm	12:35pm
2:03pm	9:19am	Pittsfield Jct.	4:30pm	11:40am
2:25pm	9:27am	Saline	4:28pm	11:20am
2:45pm	9:39am	Bridgewater	4:14pm	10:50am
3:03pm	10:00am	Manchester	3:30pm	10:10am
3:24pm	10:38am	Brooklyn	3:23pm	9:00am
4:50pm	10:49am	Woodstock	3:11pm	8:45am
5:23pm	11:02am	Jerome	2:53pm	8:15am
5:39pm	11:18am	No. Adams	2:43pm	8:02am
6:00pm	11:35am	Hillsdale	2:25pm	7:40am
7:10am	7:10pm	Chicago	8:30am	8:00am
11:00pm	2:20pm	Toledo	10:35am	6:55pm
2:15am	5:40pm	Cleveland	6:30am	6:00pm
6:50am	10:10pm	Buffalo	12:40am	7:55am

Attains daily except Sunday F. M. BROWN.



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BOTTLED GOODS FOR FAMILY USE

Our Wurzburger is the Best

THE MODERN STORE.

It Has One Department Little Known To Customers.

The great department store of our time has one department usually unvisited by customers, and yet very essential to the good of the store. It is the hospital department. The hospital is a feature of the equipment of the great modern department stores, because experience has proved its advantages. It is not more a mark of humanitarian progress than of commercial sagacity. It is not there for the benefit of customers, though its use would not be denied them. It is there for the benefit of the clerks, a majority of whom are women, and these women are those who almost exclusively use the hospital. It is not an uncommon thing for the young woman employee of the store to sink down exhausted, or to drop



fainting to the floor. Her shop-mates promptly care for her, and she is assisted to the store hospital where she may rest and have the needed restoratives.

WOMEN THE SUFFERERS.

While the existence of the store hospital points to the sympathy of the management with its employees, it also emphasizes the weakness of the women for whom the hospital is established. Women who work must be prompt and regular in their duties or they are not wanted. The back may ache, every step may jar along the spine until the head throbs pitifully. The reaching up for a box of gloves or the stooping to pick something from the floor may cause acute pain, but the woman behind the counter must hold on until she drops, and she generally does. Then comes the hospital, a brief rest, and some palliative for her present pain. Next month she may repeat the same experience; for it is noted that this liability to physical collapse among women is much greater at certain periods. The hospital is good in its place. But what these women need is health, sound health. And sound health for them means the cure of those womanly diseases which are the primary cause of the physical weakness such women feel.

There is a cure for womanly diseases which has the testimony of tens of thousands of women to its perfect and permanent nature. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the medicine which makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"A heart overflowing with gratitude as well as a sense of duty urges me to write to you and tell you of my wonderful recovery," says Miss Corinne C. Hook, of Orangeburg, Orangeburg Co., South Carolina, (care of J. H. Hook). "By the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I am entirely a new being compared to the poor miserable sufferer who wrote

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can lay claim to being the best medicine for women without fear of contradiction. It is best because it contains no alcohol, and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics, which give only temporary relief from pain. It is the best medicine for women because its cures are radical, going to the root of disease and establishing perfect and permanent health. To these claims the women themselves are the witnesses,

who having tried in vain other medicines, have found in "Favorite Prescription" a complete and lasting cure.

"I feel more than grateful to you for the benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Ervle E. Woodin, of Millerton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., care of Box No. 1. "For a number of years I had been troubled with female weakness, nervous headaches, irregularity, restlessness at night, and, in fact, was all run down, but after taking three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' feel that I am entirely cured. Have no more nervous headaches, and rest very good at night; in fact, feel like a different person, thanks to your kind advice and wonderful medicine. I earnestly advise all who suffer from any similar troubles to write to Dr. Pierce at once. They will not regret it."

NO NEED TO BE SICK.

For the majority of women there is no need to be sick with womanly diseases. The figures show that out of every fifty women suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex forty-nine are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Even the one woman in fifty for whom no perfect cure is possible is benefited by a lessening of pain, and an increase of strength through the use of this great medicine for womanly ills.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak, worn-out and run-down women. It quiets the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and cannot disagree with the weakest constitution.

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

FREE TO EVERY WOMAN.

The best medical book free. Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the greatest modern medical work containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Schley & Santiago

BY GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.



The Intrepid Associated Press war correspondent, who was aboard the U. S. S. Brooklyn during the entire five months of the campaign. Illustrated with photographs taken by the Author during the fight.

The Most Sensational Book of the Day.

The true story of the famous career of the Flying Squadron under Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, including the blockade and destruction of the Spanish fleet, TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Contains an autograph endorsement and personal account of the battle by Rear-Admiral Schley.

"The facts of the story of the movements and operations of the Flying Squadron as the author tells them in this book are correct."

—W. S. SCHLEY.

An interesting narrative of facts. Explains the so-called "Retrospect Movement," the "Loon," the "Coaling Problem," and settles conclusively every adverse ruling of the Court of Inquiry.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, when Governor of New York, said:—"Mr. Graham's story is the best account I have heard or read of the naval fighting during the war. It needed just as much courage to go about taking photographs as it did to work the guns."

THE NEW YORK HERALD says:—"Mr. Graham, in the telling of facts, leaves the reader free to make the deduction that several naval officers need a Court of Inquiry to re-establish their reputations, if they can be re-established."

No subject has ever been before the public that has interested everybody as the manner in which Admiral Schley has been treated, and the American people demand the full recognition of the hero of Santiago. This book tells everything just as it occurred and as the eyewitnesses saw it. Book is selling like wildfire. Liberal commissions. Outfit and books now ready. Send seven 2-cent stamps for canvassing outfit. ACT QUICK. Now is the time to MAKE MONEY.

Price \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75, according to style of binding desired.

AGENTS WANTED W. B. CONKEY COMPANY

Sole Publishers, CHICAGO.

THIRTEEN NOT UNLUCKY

Thirteen is not always an unlucky number, as Miss Leshia Underwood can testify to, for last Saturday was her thirteenth birthday, and a goodly number of her many young friends, the most of whom were in their thirteenth year, gave her a very pleasant surprise and celebrated with her the anniversary of her birthday. Not only did they gladden her heart with their company, but also by giving her many fine presents in token of their esteem and to remind her in time to come of the pleasant gathering.

About 5 o'clock they were called into the dining room, where Mrs. Underwood had spread the table laden with a bountiful repast such as mothers alone know how to prepare for such occasions, which was highly enjoyed by all. As the shades of evening drew on apace the gathering dispersed, well pleased with their afternoon's enjoyment and entertainment, wishing Miss Leshia many returns of the happy occasion.

WHAT THIN FOLKS NEED

Is a greater power of digestion and assimilating food. For them Dr. King's New Life Pills work wonders. They tone and regulate the digestive organs, gently expel all poisons from the system, enrich the blood, improve appetite, make healthy flesh. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spaulbury's.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF SORORITIES

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority of the Normal entertained a company of eighty at the gymnasium Friday evening, the occasion being the sorority's annual reception.

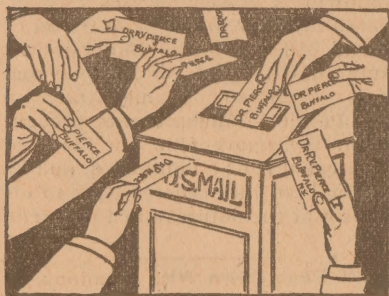
The hall was decorated in the sorority yellow and blue, and with the cosy corners and screens and palms presented a very artistic appearance. The corners were unusually attractive, one being devoted to emblems of sport, such as a fish net, canoe and paddles, tennis rackets, etc., another being adorned with pillows and bunting in the sorority colors, and a third having a striking array of posters. The northeast corner, which lends itself less easily to decoration than the others, was noticeably attractive, as the young ladies had conceived the happy thought of lighting it from within. The musicians, who were from the Finney orchestra of Detroit, were stationed in the center of the room, being concealed from view by screens.

The guests were received by Mrs. Fannie C. Burton, the patroness of the sorority, and by a committee of members that varied during the evening. Dancing was continued from eight o'clock until midnight.

CAUTION!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase for 75c the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boschee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. Sold by all druggists in the civilized world.

G. G. GREEN, Woodbury, N. J.



"I wrote to Doctor Pierce, who sent me a very kind letter and advised me."

Thousands of weak and sick women can trace the beginning of a new life of perfect health to that letter written to Dr. Pierce.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures weak and aching backs, headaches, nervousness and other womanly ailments by curing the womanly diseases which cause them.

"In the spring of 1900 I became very ill," writes Mrs. Alvina Scholtz, of Lake Washington, Lesueur Co., Minn., "my back was very weak and ached so that I could do no work at all, so I was obliged to take to my bed. I felt a constant desire to urinate and the pains in my abdomen were almost unbearable. I wrote to Dr. Pierce, who sent me a very kind letter, and advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took six bottles of each and am a well woman now. I cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Pierce's medicines."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

The STORY OF A DREAM

By ZOE ANDERSON
NORRIS...

Copyright, 1901, by
Zoe Anderson Norris

AFTERWARD, in putting away her fans, her miniature, bits of jewelry she had worn and a few delicate old lace for remembrance, they found among the scraps of manuscripts in her desk this story of a dream:

The veil separating this world and the next is wonderfully thin—so thin that now and again it blows aside and reveals visions. If some one else were to declare that this thing happened, I should say they exaggerated or at the very least that they imagined it; but, since it occurred to me, I know it to be true.

This is not a love story, not fiction—it is merely a narrative of events—so that those who desire to read fiction would do well to pass it by.

Religion is inherited. Descended from a hundred vicars, you naturally find yourself imbued with faith in the Deity they worshipped, even as the Hindoo, sprung from generations of idol worshipping Hindoos, salaams submissively at the feet of idols.

I am descended from a hundred vicars. Their work is all there in the British museum. I have read their sermons, beautiful sermons, redolent of holy lives, written in early English, published by order of kings.

Naturally, then, I had faith. With their religion I inherited some little of their ability to write, for, after all, most things are a simple matter of inheritance.

I wrote fairly successful sketches, etchings, studies from the life—in other words, pot boilers. Encouraged, I submitted them to a publisher for reproduction in book form. Hardly expecting success, I was enraptured with the decision of the reader. It was complimentary. He compared my work with that of a noted writer. He asked me to submit a collection of such sketches along a special line.

I did so.

Then I fell to dreaming dreams. So I, too, would have my work there in the British museum side by side with that of all those vicars, my ancestors; with that of my father. Mine could not compare with theirs, which was deep, learned, much of it difficult translations from the original Greek, the best translation of all being that of my father; but they would be side by side.

I scarcely remembered his face, except by his picture, which I carried about with me always. He died when I was a mere child. I was the only one out of his large family who inherited his ability to write. I was proud of that—too proud, it seemed.

Reverently I stood before the great index book at the museum which contained his name. I had his sermons brought to my desk—exquisite sermons, delicately worded, masterpieces of style, but sad, sad. His life had not been a happy one. I knew that, young as I was at the time of his death. Once they left me to watch at his bedside, fanning. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved, murmuring half unconsciously: "I am tired. Let me die."

I must have heard many of his words, but those are the only ones that remained with me.

Every night then I said my little prayer. I talked quite openly with the Great Being who holds our lives in the palm of his hand; not too long for fear of wearying, but not too long.

And yet, if he listens at all, he never wearies. His interest never flags. He takes heed of our trivial and innumerable tales of woe with the same unflinching patience with which an earthly father hearkens to the tearful babbling of an infant over the broken finger of her doll.

Still how is it possible for him to listen calmly to our supplications when he knows all the time that he hasn't the remotest idea of granting them?

That is something I find it impossible to understand. A child may turn the parental tide in his favor by tears, by supplications, but no matter how bitterly we weep, no matter how agonizingly we supplicate, our pathway is mapped out for us, and we must walk therein.

"I have been a sort of waif from my childhood," I told him, explaining as if he had never heard of me before. "Never in all my life have I even so much as touched the hem of the garment of happiness. But grant this prayer, and I shall be satisfied. Fame is a poor substitute for happiness, but I will make it do. Give it to me."

It may have been an offense to complain. Perhaps I should have passed over the unhappiness of my life. In all probability I should have alluded to it as of little account, at any rate as lived and done with and therefore hardly worth mentioning.

But if he knows all things he knew

every step I had taken over that sad old road as well as I did; knew it by the track of tears if nothing else.

What if the words held something of upbraiding? An earthly father forgives the waywardness of a child. He should have forgiven me, particularly since he knew my life.

For some months I watched and waited, repeating my prayer morning, noon and night. I fed on hope. I saw myself famous and, what was better still, out of the reach of want. My enemies who had doubted my ability bowed at my feet. In their hearts was hatred, but upon their faces were smiles. So what mattered the hatred?

At length I was satisfied. I approached as nearly as it is possible to approach to human happiness.

This was how it happened that when the blow fell I was utterly unprepared, utterly. Some one knocked, opened my door and handed me the parcel.

Wonderingly I opened it, read the courteously worded note it contained and then sank upon my knees, not crying out, not weeping, but dull, stricken, only half comprehending, blankly amazed.

When the truth burst upon me, a sudden sense of isolation took possession of my soul.

I seemed to stand alone in the universe, alone with the earth and sky; doubly alone since I had lost my faith.

It seemed such a little thing that I had asked for, and he had not seen fit to grant it. Perhaps he had not heard. Perhaps he had been engaged in listening to some one else, or tired of continual petitioning, bending an inattentive ear he had not quite caught the drift of my remarks. And I thought I had made them so plain. I had repeated them so often that they were like a refrain. I had got myself to sleep wakeful nights repeating them. After all, it may have been that I had wearied him.

Yes, that was it. I had wearied him. If we ask and ask and our prayer is not granted, we must say to ourselves: "This thing upon which we have set our hearts is not what we should have had. Granted, it would possibly have been harmful to us; it might have made us ill, as too many sweetmeats do a child."

But I knew that this thing I had asked for would have been good for me. It was what I needed to sweeten my life, to ward off bitterness, distrustfulness, to preserve my faith, to keep the unshed tears from falling back upon my heart and rusting it.

Besides, I was footsore with walking on thorns. I wanted to walk a little while on flowers.

Hiding myself like a wounded animal, I looked blankly out on a blank world. By and by it filled with the grinning faces of my enemies, flanked by the faces of my friends, who outwardly bemoaned my defeat while their hearts leaped gleefully.

I pressed my teeth into my lips until they bled, picturing the faces of my friends.

A maid knocked at the door.

"Will you have lunch?" she asked, for it was early in the morning that I had received the blow.

"No," I answered.

Later on came another knock.

"Will you have dinner?"

"No," I replied. "I want nothing. I am ill."

Strong and well of body, but sick at heart!

Twilight came. Shadows fell. From across the street lamps flashed yellow light on to the ceiling.

I watched the glimmering square formed by the window frame.

To a bodily hurt flock tender nurses bearing lotions, bandages, soothing drafts, but for the hurt of the mind and heart is there a cure?

The darkness deepened. The light of the "Will you have lunch?"

Lying still, my eyes wide open, I surveyed my life. Behind me lay ink blackness. I peered into the future. It was blacker still.

I turned on my pillow. It was wet with tears.

Suddenly the light flickered and went out. Then I knew it was past midnight, long past.

Would I never sleep?

I commenced, as usual, to count. The wonder of it was that I had not worn out those numbers counting them night after night, night after night. They failed to woo slumber. My thoughts wandered away to my woe.

I watched sheep leaping hedges, I fell to counting ducks swimming in endless rows. By every imaginable ruse I endeavored to court sleep—to no avail.

Mechanically my lips framed the words of my father: "I am tired. Let me die."

At the first streak of dawn, all other efforts failing, I commenced, almost unconsciously, to repeat the psalm that had got me to sleep in the days before I had lost my faith.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," I said aloud, though the words seemed now to have lost all their significance.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul. He restoreth my soul—"

"He restoreth my soul," I said once more, with languid insistence, wavered for a moment between wakefulness and sleep, then fell asleep.

Instantly I entered dreamland the earth brightened. Walking drowsily over those flowers I had longed for, I approached a tall figure with averted face. Presently he turned his face full upon me. It was radiant as the face

of an angel. It was the face of an angel. I recognized it. It was my father.

There is a picture in the National gallery—I forget by whom, but it belongs, I think, to the Bolognese school. It is the picture of Mary, his mother, and two angels bearing up the body of the dead Christ.

The face of Mary and that of one of the angels are tear stained, the lids are red with weeping, the mouths are drawn and pitiful. But the face of that other angel! How shall I describe it? Sorrowful, yet tranquil; peaceful with the patience of grief, yet radiant with hope, it breathes holiness.

Often on dreary days when the joy of life sat long looking down and despairing at that face.

The dream face of my father was like it. He smiled upon me. Coming forward, he took me in his arms and held me to him. He was silent; but, lying close in his embrace, I felt what it was he wished to say:

Nothing matters. Whatever happens in this little span of life we are set to live it is not worth grieving about; it is not worth a sigh, it is not worth a tear.

Soldiers' Bread.

A trooper who saw service in South Africa says that at one time on the march the biscuits gave out, and the soldiers were served with flour.

What a job we had baking it! Four of us generally put our flour together and took turns in cooking.

"You've got it too wet," one would say—"far too wet!"

"It would taste just as well," said another, "if you dispensed with some of the dirt you're mixing with it."

There came arguments about the heat of the fire.

"It's too hot!"

"It's not hot enough!"

"You must put ashes on the top first."

After the paste was baked it looked like a piece of hardened mud. If any of us had eaten the same thing at home, it would have stopped every working organ in our bodies. Perhaps the outdoor life gave us an ability to digest anything.

Some of the fellows who could not find any fat to anoint the ball of dough used the dubbin we had for cleaning our saddles. If we baked a big cake to last for three or four days, we had nothing large enough to carry it in but our horses' nosebags, and after it had been two or three days in a nosebag it was as appetizing as a brickbat and might have been utilized as a steam hammer.

Hugo Did Not Hurry.

From the late Jules Simon's posthumous work, "The Evening of My Life," comes a vivid little sketch of one of his contemporaries who played an even more prominent part in French history as well as in letters than M. Simon himself.

On Dec. 4, 1852, after the victory of Louis Napoleon, when Paris was turned upside down by the populace, Simon was in the midst of a fight on the boulevards near the Panorama. He and a friend, a deputy named Crepu, were constantly driven away and as regularly returned. Cannon were fired close to them. Victor Hugo, meeting them, asked with fierce republicanism and magnificent egotism:

"If I got killed in the Quartier Latin, do you think it would stir the students to revolt?"

"I do not doubt that it would," Simon replied.

Victor Hugo silently wrung his hand and went down the Rue Vivienne.

"Do you think he will get himself killed?" Crepu asked.

"He is sincere," answered Simon, "but it is a long way to the Quartier Latin."

By taking the longest route Hugo further provided against the possibility of his discretion being outrun by his zeal.

He Was Busy.

It is scarcely credible that so faithful a servant and so good a courier as John Brown of Balmoral could ever deliberately have kept his sovereign waiting, but the London Tatler relates an anecdote which shows that he had a very human side.

Brown was very fond of fishing, and one day when he had a fine salmon on his hook there came a message from the castle on Deeside desiring his presence at once. Queen Victoria was going for her afternoon drive, and it was Brown's duty to attend her, as he always did, sitting in the rumble of the carriage.

"Tell her majesty that I'll be there quickly," he said.

But the salmon was strong and could not be landed at once. Another and more urgent message reached him.

"Tell her majesty that I have a salmon on, but I'll be in a few minutes."

Still the salmon held out, and a third and imperative command arrived.

"Tell her majesty," shouted Brown, "that it's not possible for me to leave without the salmon!"

Nor did he. But whether the queen knew enough of fishing and fishermen to appreciate the circumstances is not told.

The Carnation.

In its original state the carnation was a five petal flower about one inch in diameter, in color a light pink, though it was sometimes seen in a mauve shade. The carnation of the present day is the product of careful hybridization, as a result of which the size of the flower not only has increased to a marked degree, but it has been filled with petals, something like a hundred being seen in a single choice specimen.

FRANK OWEN'S CRACK PITCHING

Reports from Omaha are to the effect that Frank Owen, of Ypsilanti, one of the Omaha pitchers, is doing fine work.

He has won all of his five games, and on Thursday performed the difficult feat of going into the box in the ninth inning when the game with Peoria, Ill., was practically lost, and striking out the first three men who came to bat. The Omaha men made four runs the last half of the ninth, which was sufficient to give them the game.

Owen pitched again against Peoria last Thursday, giving but four hits, while the Peoria twirler allowed 10. Omaha won by a score of 4 to 2, with one error for the former and five for the latter team.

Commenting on Owen's work in the Omaha-Milwaukee game, which Omaha won by 3 to 1, a Milwaukee paper says: "At the same time Owen was pitching in gilt edge form and up to the seventh inning no hits were made off his delivery. The scoring of Milwaukee was deferred to the eighth. When McPherson drove the ball to the right, so low that Carter could not reach it." In the eighth and ninth Milwaukee scored four hits.

Owen is attracting considerable attention in the west, as he is making a splendid record for himself.

RESOLUTIONS.

Passed by Stony Creek Grange No. 51

Whereas, the death angel has again crossed the threshold of our order and taken from our midst an esteemed and faithful member, Sister Bertha Moore, who died April 5, 1902, another home has been made sad and a chair at the family board is empty leaving a vacant place in the home and hearts of the family. Therefore be it,

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Moore the Grange has lost an active and courteous member, whose sincerity and faithfulness to the principals of our order will be treasured as monuments of esteem and respect in years to come.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of our departed sister and trust that He who is ever ready to shield and protect may have watchful care over them.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that a page be set apart in our records to the memory of Sister Moore, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family also to the local papers for publication.

Brother and Sister Lowden,
Sister John Worth,
Com. on Resolutions.

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A PRETTY HOME WEDDING

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Voorhees, in the country, last evening, when their granddaughter, Miss Lottie Voorhees, became the wife of Samuel Ballantine, of Detroit.

The bride was unattended, save by her father, and was dressed in a traveling gown. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Charles Voorhees, the sister of the bride and the ceremony was performed by Rev. James A. Brown. The house was handsomely decorated in green and white, one of the features being a large marriage bell, under which the ceremony took place.

Forty friends and relatives were present, and after paying their respects to the bridal couple the company enjoyed a dainty supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine will make their home in Detroit, where the husband is employed as a mechanic. The bride was until the present year a student at the Ypsilanti high school.

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